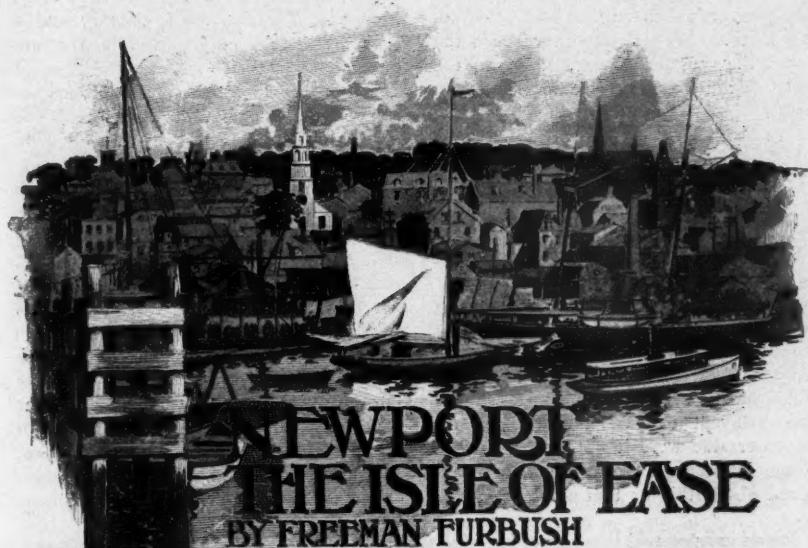


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Drawings by Walter L. Greene

IT is not quite the fashion in these days, I am told, for our sea-coast villages to be prosperous.

Somehow or other our merchant marine, our whalers and our erstwhile great fishing fleets that prospered so happily about the middle of the century have now outlived their "salad" days, and the little seaports scattered along the coast that once gave them their being are now vastly degenerate communities and exist to-day for the most part only as haunts for the painter in search of the picturesque. A crab-like progress, you see, backwards

from magnificence to mould; the kind of progress, moreover, that makes any exception to the rule stand out with uncommon prominence. But there are a few exceptions, be it said, and of these few I take it that Newport is the most conspicuous; Newport, that can alone boast of having begun its career on salt-cod and hard-tack and ended it to the tune of terrapin and champagne; Newport, once the Isle of Industry, now the Isle of Ease.

A very creditable performance for Newport, one will have to admit, yet I am forced to believe at the same time that in her triumphant march she must needs have left behind her a long string of wrecks in the shape of all the once proud ports that have now become defunct. Nature, you know, is shockingly wasteful in her efforts to achieve. You will learn, for instance, at

This article is the first of a series describing the three great summer resorts of America. The following two will be on Bar Harbor and the White Mountains.

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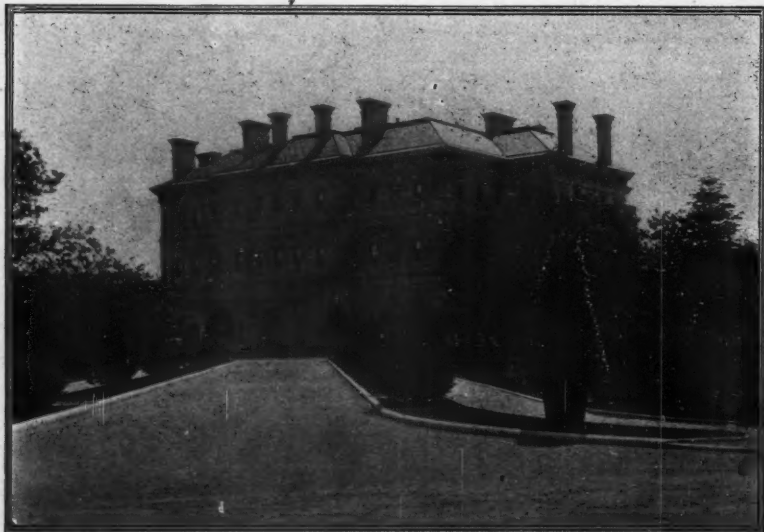
any stock farm that five hundred trotters are ruined in order to get a record breaker. One paltry apple is the single result of a thousand blossoms of beauty, and a million human failures is the price the world pays for one Gladstone. It is in some such way as this I rather imagine we should find, were we to delve into the ethics of the case, that Newport's grandeur has been achieved, and that her sisters' lives have been the cost of the struggle. Omar, expressing the same sentiment, says somewhere, you know:

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely Head."

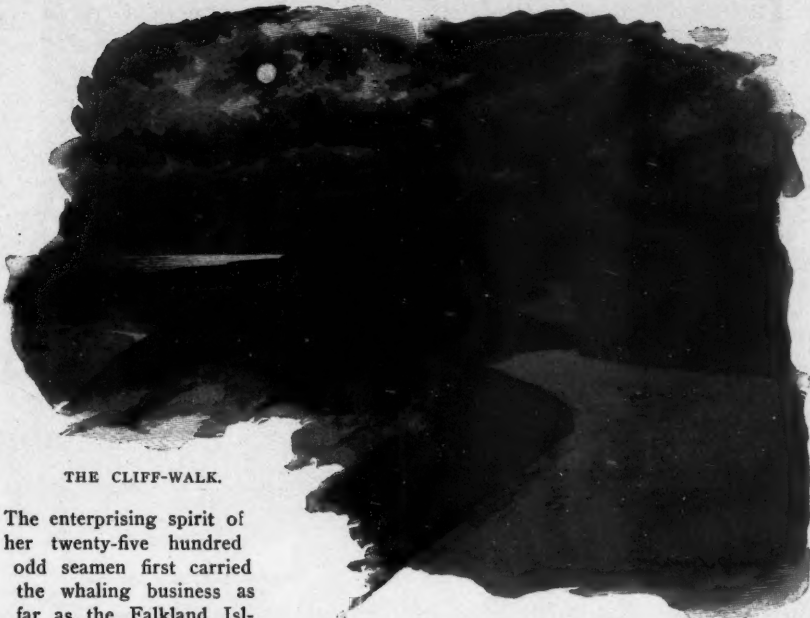
NEWPORT THE OLD.

With Newport as it was in the beginning we are not greatly concerned. Our twentieth century appetites are not nowadays very readily appeased with stale morsels from the eighteenth century. Indeed, I am quite sure that most of us would be more than half apt to pass them all by on the other side were it not that we dread being ignorant afterwards when questioned about this or that relic. As it is

we drag ourselves around to the various fossil-exhibits with exceeding ill-grace, and it is only in a perfunctory sort of a way that we pay our tribute to the past. At Newport this tribute consists mainly in a visit to the "Old Stone Mill," a picturesque bit of masonry of still uncertain origin, around which Longfellow weaved his verse, *The Skeleton in Armor*; and a second visit to Trinity Church, a structure of manifold associations, not the least of which is the fact that Washington worshipped there for several weeks after the evacuation of Newport by the British. The few other landmark spots of historical interest include the parsonage which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe mentions in her *Minister's Wooing*; the Liberty Tree at the north end of Thames street; the old Bull House, and the Long Wharf up the length of which in 1781 Washington and Rochambeau marched bareheaded between the ranks of French soldiers. It is this wharf also that witnessed, during the closing years of the last century, a harbor alive with commerce and prosperity. For Newport in those days, you must know, was a bustling mart of trade, her merchants forming the aristocracy of the land.



"THE BREAKERS," CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S NEWPORT RESIDENCE.



THE CLIFF-WALK.

The enterprising spirit of her twenty-five hundred odd seamen first carried the whaling business as far as the Falkland Islands, her manufactures were among the richest in the country, and her extensive distilleries, the remains of which may still be seen, gave rise to a large fleet of vessels that sailed constantly to and from the West Indies to supply her with molasses. Besides being the industrial Mecca, Newport, in her then palmy days, boasted also of more individual opulence, learning and science than was concentrated elsewhere in the colonies. The wealth of her merchants created estates unsurpassed in architectural taste and she was then as now the embodiment of fashion, refinement and magnificence. All this splendour perished, however, when the iron hoof of war wrought its destruction broadcast at the hands of the enemy. The Britishers, keenly aware of Newport's riches, vented upon her the full weight of their wrath and the glory of Babylon was no more. Since that time all attempts to regain an industrial supremacy have proved fruitless; from the ashes of ruin the commercial sphinx will not rise, but the social sphinx, a much more lively and irrepressible crea-

ture, has enjoyed so complete a resurrection that the fashionable Newport of to-day glories in all its brilliancy of a century ago.

NEWPORT THE NEW.

The Newport that you find on the map of Rhode Island to-day is a very deceptive sort of a place, a two-faced Janus as it were, that frowns at you with one face when you alight from train or boat, and smiles at you with the other when you come to know her better. The first face is not beautiful. By this I do not mean that it is exactly ugly, but one, you know, does not like to have one's ideals even temporarily shattered, and shattered they certainly are, when, after your six hour ride from New York or your two hour one from Boston, as the case may be, you step into Newport and instead of finding yourself at once in the "Rose Garden of America," with its three million dollar estates and its paradise vistas such as you have been led to anticipate, you discover in place of this a very common place, and to my mind, a very careless



A BIT OF PICTURESQUE NEWPORT FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND.

type of a town; one outwardly, in fact, the counterpart of a thousand others you may have drifted into on your travels. At the time it even fails to strike you as a really first-class fishing village with the usual picturesqueness and artistic crudity that justifies the existence of such communities. There is not so much of the sea salty about the spot as there ought to be. For aught you can see it might quite as well be a thousand miles inland as upon the coast, although I would add, that this impression falls flat when you eat your first meal at the hotel and notice the prevalence of fish orders on the card.

The Newport you come to know, however, after pushing through this unassuming barrier at its threshold is quite another place. It is one thing to stroll indifferently up and down Thames street, the main business artery of "shop" Newport, a very narrow and a very ill-behaved thoroughfare by the way, and it is a decidedly different thing to transport one's self a few blocks eastward and saunter along Bellevue Avenue, the elm embowered and equipage-thronged boulevard of fashionable Newport. One is ordinary,

the other extraordinary; one forces upon you the already old impression that America is by far too intently and too grossly a money getting principality, the other refreshes you with the comparatively new impression that there are some in this world who are privileged to be exempt from this sordid strife; one stands for you as the personification of partial industry, the other as the personification of complete ease. I will not say that these two Newports are absolutely divorced one from the other for that is not the case, at least not influentially. Socially, of course, they are but it does not require a very keen eye to discern the fact that the cash girls and counter clerks of native Newport have copied their "betters" to some considerable advantage. They would wish to impress you that they know a large bit of the world and the world's ways albeit their knowledge comes from imitation rather than actual experience. I do not see how this could be otherwise, although the appreciable demoralizing effect which a foreign body of riches and riotous living has produced upon the home population is something to be regretted.

The Newport that the world knows through the agency of the special correspondent and the sketch artist of our Sunday papers, comes into existence each year with the month of June and expires by means of a very gradual death during September and October. These dates, however, are far from fixed, as New Yorkers are coming to love their island homes more and more and would fain spend as much of the year there as possible.

With the approach of the summer residents Newport, like St. Augustine, its

an able corps of assistants, take possession of the various "estates" and forthwith begin a transformation that is verily like the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp. And I might say right here that quite the most important personage in all Newport is the landscape gardener. To him alone belongs the credit of making a veritable paradise out of a once barren island; the velvet lawns, the gentle slopes, the horticultural arrangements, the superb "effects" are all his creation. Indeed I know of none other single spot the world over, unless perchance it be the English watering-places,



"THE CASINO LEADS AS ONE OF THE
FEW SPOTS WHERE 'SOCIETY' TURNS
OUT QUITE STRONG."

winter prototype, shakes off its drowsiness and assumes the crouching attitude that it may be ready to spring upon the sundry crumbs that fall from the royal tables. Shop-keepers overhaul and renew their stock, the few hostleries and the liveries refurbish up their establishments against the inpouring of the excursionists, and the housekeeper and head gardener, each with

where this gentleman's craft has been so productive in beauty.

THE SUMMER LIFE.

Newport is not like Bar Harbor. It does not, as Mr. F. Marion Crawford epitomizes the latter place, "drink its cup of summer standing." It enjoys a somewhat longer season; hence the wax and

the wane of its social moon is a much more gradual process. With the Maine resort, comparatively speaking, you awake on some morning early in July and find that the invading hosts of "rusticators" have arrived in a single night; and then on some September dawn you discover that like Arabs they have quietly folded their tents and stolen away. At Newport it is different. As I said before the aristocracy begins to arrive as early as June, some in fact in May. By the middle of August the social creature is trotting its fastest pace. It is at this time that the "Eden of America" assumes the pictorial aspects for which it is famed.

THE STAGE AND THE SHOW.

The pronounced quality of this summer life is its elegance; its most prominent defect is its artificiality. To a fellow with any imagination at all, Newport at its height, might seem a theatre in which was staged a magnificent spectacular show booked for a short run only. The condition of things is so ideal, so managed to order, so ephemeral as to be almost theatrical. For a stage you have a carpet of soft expanses of lawn with wings of stately trees and profuse flowers; in the foreground perhaps a two million dollar structure, extraordinary and extreme in its embellishments, the residence of some prince of finance; in the background

the rugged picturesque cliffs, and in the far distance the restless blue ocean. On this stage moves a dramatis personæ of beings

who are characterized by a great deal of high-breeding, reserve, and composure. All of them dressed as if for the foot-lights and all of them seemingly — yes, even at times self-consciously — playing a part. I do not know as there is anything very wrong about this aspect of the

scene; certainly there is something very winning. There is always that when we see ease, pleasure and distinction that is at once both material and æsthetic. Perhaps, too, there is a large bit of envy.

Another notable quality of Newport's fashionable life is its exclusiveness, an exclusiveness that is so studied as to practically amount to seclusion. The fortune-favored are never if they can avoid it "on parade;" they never intentionally make themselves a spectacle for profane contemplation. To accomplish this they are forced to live almost the same summer life as their winter one, with a difference only

in the environment. They have their teas and dinners quite among themselves, and their drags or traps, as the case may be, seek only those portions of the "Ten-Mile Drive" that are least frequented by the livery-stable "hitch" of the excursionist. It cannot be gainsaid but what, in being obliged to do this, a great deal of naive enjoyment



THE INTERIOR OF TRINITY CHURCH.



ON THE
NEWPORT LINKS.

that was once their privilege is now denied them. As one special example, I may say that by a very gradual evolution, apparently in accord with the fitness of things, the "smart set" have almost entirely ceased to bathe of late years on Bailey's Beach, although this beach was and is still controlled privately for their benefit, and has still upon it a bath-house pavilion of some 150 odd rooms, on the different doors of which appear the initials of the Vanderbilts, the Astors, Belmonts, Goelets and so forth. But the subscribers themselves are seldom in evidence.

Again a short generation ago the butterfly life of Newport was more "bunched;" and by this very concentration was more apparent and more intense. That was in the days when practically all the "swell estates" bordered on Bellevue Avenue, and up and down this thoroughfare moved the passing show. Hotel-life was then existent, the Ocean House, the Atlantic, the Fillmore and the Bellevue being centres of the lotus-eaters. Now they are only memories and landmarks, and the "procession" that once moved decorously along the avenue's length, now, since this boulevard has been extended to the Ocean Drive of ten miles around the island, distributes its equipages over a greater area and to a less spectacular effect. Newport seems less condensed in consequence and its old lovers feel a certain lack of that element which seemed all-in-all to them years ago.

Despite this decadent aspect there are still, however, a few spots where "society" turns out quite strong. The Casino leads as the rendezvous in this respect. There are those who say that this institution has

never paid for itself and that in trying to make it the leading feature of the fashionable life the note has been somewhat forced, but certain it is that to-day the outer fringe of the *haute monde* enjoy its daily morning concerts and its dances to the utmost. The one festival when it may be seen in dress suit, is the annual tennis tourney, a scene that for brilliancy of color cannot easily be surpassed. Imagine, if you please, a closely shaven turf with a background of Casino buildings and surrounded by rising seats thronged with an amphitheatre of very smart and very startling colored frocks

and parasols. In the centre of this composition move groups of well groomed young men in the whitest of duck, their rapid and erratic motions giving an animation to the picture that is absolutely fascinating. This scene is repeated with more or less excellence and intensity on the polo grounds during a match and on the golf links at the annual tournament. These are the spots where the "young barbarians" can be seen at play, and where, thanks to the excitement of the moment and the game, you can see fashion in its freest and least conscious manifestations. The only remaining playground of note is Narragansett Bay and the ocean, which carry on their stretches of blue the luxurious and splendidly appointed steam-yachts of the millionaires with their parties of the leisure-lived.



THE OLD STONE MILL.

ARCHITECTURAL NEWPORT.

But the single thing that impresses a stranger most forcibly as he surveys Newport is the wealth of its "establishments."

Beginning at Kay Street on Bellevue Avenue he may travel on a broad macadamized road for ten miles around the entire southern extremity of the island back to his starting point and along the entire route of his circuit he has been confronted successively with estates ranging anywhere from the modest fifty thousand dollar cottage to the three million dollar Vanderbilt "Marble Palace." It is really ten miles of millionairessdom. Architecture has been called upon to produce its largest as well as its most beautiful possibilities. The result in some few cases has been successful; in a great many other instances you marvel at the intelligence or taste of any mortal that would permit his living in such an ill-conceived structure. But on the whole the effect produced is pleasing and grand. As you see one castle after another it is almost impossible not to recall what Matthew Arnold says somewhere when, dividing Englishmen into three classes, he terms the first, the wealthy, *the Barbarians*.

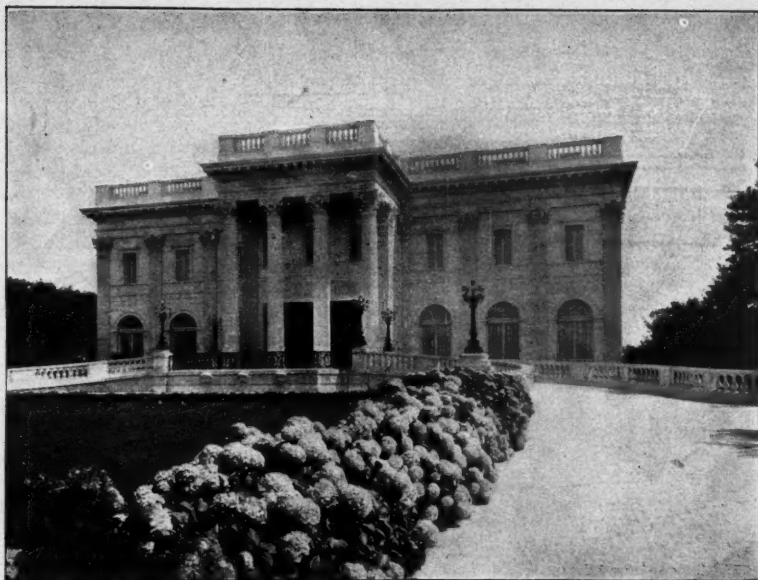
"When I go through the country, and see this and that beautiful and imposing seat of theirs crowning the landscape, 'There,' I say to myself, 'is a great fortified post of the Barbarians.'"

TRINITY CHURCH.

No chronicle of Newport would be complete without a word about Trinity Church. It is unique in more respects than one. Built nearly two hundred years ago with a bell in its tower presented by Queen Anne, it still remains the fashionable shrine of worship to-day as in the days of our Puritan forefathers. The present aristocrats of our land, demanding elsewhere the very latest and the very best, have been content here to hold their peace. I will not say, however, that there may not be a large ingredient of fad in this fashion. "So delightfully old and historic," you will hear some blue-bloodish matron exclaim as she alights in silks from her equipage to enter its walls. Much, it is true, has been done in the way of renovation and improvement but nothing that could grossly destroy the primitive character of the building. The pews are those square, high-backed affairs, very uncomfortable and straight-jacketed in the puritan age, but to-day the ingenuity and luxury of the New York upholsterer have done much towards making the listening to a sermon a pleasure to the modern Croesus. I might add that the attendance necessary for this listening is frequently



E. D. MORGAN'S VILLA, WITH OLD SLAVE SHIP FOR LANDING STAGE.



THE THREE MILLION DOLLAR "MARBLE PALACE" BUILT BY F. W. VANDERBILT.

impaired by one o'clock luncheons of the previous night. These are proverbially bad things for early rising. It is in this church that pews are owned by the two Vanderbilt families, the Belmonts, Twomblys, Brooks, Goetts, Wetmores, Taylors and Kings. It is here that all the great divines have preached when visiting Newport, Bishops Brooks, Huntington and Potter and Drs. Greer and Rainsford. Here also come the Western bishops on begging expeditions when chance affords. It is here again that so many fashionable weddings have been held, although the pulpit, which singularly enough, was built in almost the centre of the middle aisle, is a vast drawback to these ceremonies. Last summer Cornelius Vanderbilt intended to temporarily remove this pulpit for the marriage rites of his daughter, but his sudden illness, necessitating a house ceremony, altered his plans. A very democratic feature of this church is the giving strangers of any class seats in the same pews with the "best people." Exclusive as the latter may elsewhere wish to be, they permit with the utmost willingness the exercise of equality here.

THINGS TO BE REGRETTED.

I have said before that Newport to-day is not quite the place of absolute enjoyment and recreation that it was to our parents. I never fully realized just how true this was until recently, on a visit to the "Queen of Watering Places" I came across, quite accidentally, an old friend of my father's, Professor Thomas Goodbody, Ph. D. Now the professor, professional in nothing so far as I could ever make out, save in bachelor graces, is something of a character, and the things he can tell you, when he has a mind to, about Newport then and now are exceedingly well worth listening to.

He had asked me to dine with him in that little vine-covered cottage of his, perched up on a piece of bluff land away from the madding crowd but overlooking a land or rather a seascape, the mere beholding of which justifies a man's existence. He was a bit crochety that day, and his old negro servant and sole companion, Tecumseh, had no sooner brought him his heavy bowled pipe than he started directly in upon the rights and wrongs of civilization. It was on this occasion that I

learned that 1898 Newport and its 1868 self were not quite the same.

"What's changed since your pa and ma used to come here?" the Professor repeated rather querulously after my question, "everything, my son, everything." And he shook his head sadly, throwing out his arm with a snap of the fingers.

Then he recited rapidly and without intermission his woes.

"Tain't even a decent place to live in nowadays. Those excursionists are dumped here by the car and the boat load from your New York and your Boston. Humph—they own the town. Walk right in on your grounds and pick the flowers. Want to go over the Vanderbilt houses as if they were public museums. Trot around the streets, guide book in hand, and staring for all creation as if they were at the circus. Some fool corporation's gone and run electric cars all over town. Built a big pavilion down on Easton's Beach. Your Tom, Dick and Harry go there by the thousands and kick around in the water like sardines in a can. A respectable person can't take a bathe with any pleasure. Then your excursionists over-run the cliff-walk, eat their sandwiches and drink their ginger-pop on the

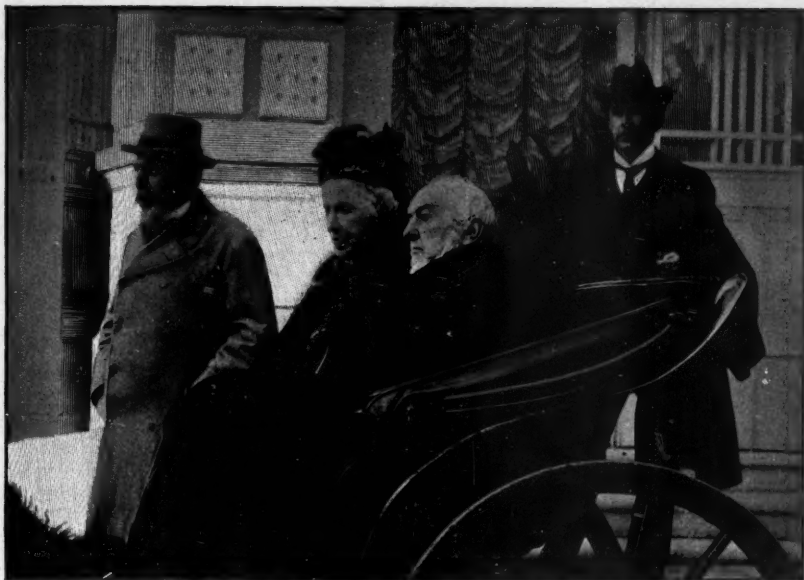
rocks and throw their paper bags over the lawns. On the "Avenue" they run busses up and down crowded with a pack of your city folks 'doing' Newport for a quarter, making the town hideous with their presence. Hotels, too, are all closed up. Dead as a dog. Old time hospitality all gone. The decent folks have had to build houses of their own to hide away from the rabble. Harbor's filled with picnic boats, and the beaches with the travelling photographer's shanty and chowder 'joints.' Regular hoorah-boy-sort of a place. Yes, sir, that's just what it is. Downright shame. Ought to be stopped. Like what it used to be when your pa and ma were here? No, sirree. Guess not—not a bit of it. Newport was Newport in those days. It wasn't Coney Island."

And the Professor, stopping more from want of breath than lack of material, brought his fist down on the table with a conclusiveness that left no doubt on the subject.

And I dare say the Professor's way of looking at it was right. Certainly Newport is fast becoming unhappily cosmopolitan, and its future as the chosen Isle of Ease for our aristocracy is indeed doubtful.



ON THE "TEN-MILE DRIVE."



LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF GLADSTONE.

Taken with his wife and two sons as he was about to leave Cannes for England.

AN AUTUMN MORNING WITH GLADSTONE

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE elements of genuine greatness were so pronounced in the long, well rounded career of William E. Gladstone as to require no additional affirmation when the final summons came. Such was the beauty of the moral nature of the man that his death brings with it an actual sense of personal loss to millions dwelling under the standard of Christian civilization. The occasion recalls one of the inspirational moments of my own life. Only a few brief minutes it was, one beautiful September morning in 1894, when he stood under an old oak in the grounds of his loved Hawarden, and told me of his admiration for American young men.

"They have the elements of industry, and with these, that nervous energy and power of concentration which always achieves results."

A brief sentence, and yet how pregnant! Those words have burned into my memory. This was the text of our brief talk, and yet more than any word said, I recall how the man impressed me. I studied every detail of his dress, always careless all his lifetime. It was a striking point wherein Gladstone resembled our own Horace Greely. I remember well the frayed sleeves of the dressing-gown he wore; the pleated shirt front and large buttons, the open collar and plain tie. As we stood there on the lawn every feature and movement of the great man was like an inspiration. My mind flashed back to the little country home in America, and the sense of the greatness of the occasion so far as the chief actor in it was concerned almost stunned me. I was talking familiarly with a man who, in the common sense, which is after all the great sense, had been

the ideal of every English and American boy for three generations. It was a curious circumstance that had brought me to that spot and that hour. The week previous had been spent at Leamington Spa, where Nathaniel Hawthorne lived. After those happy days at Stratford-on-Avon, amid memories of Shakespeare and the quaint Warwick, it seemed as if nothing further could be desired by a passionate young pilgrim who had for months been drinking in the inspiration of old historical associations. As a trip to Hawarden involved the likelihood of missing my steamer back to New York the idea of a visit to the "Grand Old Man" was abandoned. But sitting in my hotel the last night at Leamington, I overheard two English men discussing Gladstone. Strange as it may seem they agreed, and the point of the conclusion was that Gladstone was "an unsafe man,—a demagogue."

"Gladstone's greatest service to England was in resigning," was the remark that finally determined my visit to Hawarden. I did not enter the argument. I felt a sense of scorn for the detractors that was Jove-like. I would go to Chester that night and see Gladstone, steamer or no steamer. I took the Irish mail, paid the excess fare, and at one A. M. landed at rare old Chester. I was up bright and early to take an

accommodation train for Hawarden. The sights of the ancient city held no attractions then. I hurried out of the Westminster hotel, running the gauntlet of servants in line without paying tips. The American spirit had obliterated for the time being continental habits.

Hawarden is pronounced "Harden." The W is always silent and the H is apt to be. This was discovered in my inquiries. The morning railroad ride was

invigorating, although as the tide was out, the river Dee did not have a particularly imposing appearance as it trailed along in a snake-like curve among the sandy flats,—an estuary historically famous even in the Roman period. The sheep grazing on distant hills, amid the rich, varied hues of the English autumnal landscape made a perfect picture. I first got off at Hawarden



LI HUNG CHANG AND GLADSTONE, THE GREATEST STATESMEN OF THE EAST AND THE WEST.

Photograph taken on the Jubilee Porch leading into Gladstone's library.

bridge, but discovered my mistake, when I could find no trace of the irrepressible American tourist with his lurid Baedeker.

Hawarden village surrounds the walls and hedges of Gladstone's estate. It is in appearance a shiftless, shambling, untidy hamlet. I came upon the fountain near the entrance of the grounds, erected on the occasion of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. It was given by temperance women, but was illy-kept

and the green and stagnant water in the bowl appeared none too inviting,—even to teetotallers.

THE CLASSIC GROUNDS AND RUINS OF HAWARDEN.

Through the open gate and into the classic grounds I walked. If there was disappointment in the opening glimpse of the village, it was more than neutralized by the first impressions of the demesne of Hawarden Castle. Although a private estate inherited by Mrs. Gladstone, strangers and the people of the village are as welcome as in a public park. Up the winding carriage drive a fine view of the place is presented. Not over-cultivated and strained for the voluptuous park effect, but a quiet bit of Nature's own domain, left untouched by the landscape gardeners for ages past. The driveway is a stretch of ground for which estates in England are noted, and instead of finding the English estates comparatively small and huddled together, there seems to be an expansiveness, a sweep characteristic of our own West. The country houses are clustered in groups instead of being sprinkled on "forties" or "quarter sections" with the stiff rectangular effect, of our American farms. A busy little brook filled with reddish water brought to mind Tennyson's poem of which Gladstone was so fond. A picturesque mere, secured by a dam, gave a hint of Sir Walter Scott. Cows were grazing about in serenity, still further heightening the pastoral picture. I came out upon the ruins of the old castle situated on a hill surrounded at the base by giant trees that stood like sentinels guarding the glories of the past. Their great branches seemed to stretch out a kindly welcome. All the trees in England are of larger branch and less height in proportion



"HAWARDEN," THE HOME OF GLADSTONE.

than we are accustomed to see in America.

The glories of an autumn morning made the foliage resplendent. How appropriate it was to see Gladstone at such a time. Spying a fallen tree the stories of Gladstone as a woodsman came upon me and I secured a piece of the bark as a "souvenir." America's hero is famed for his hatchet, and the axe of England's great statesman has been equally as important a historic fact. Musing about the ruins of old Hawarden castle, in the quietness of the morning it was all peopled again. The imagination of those Americans who like myself had never seen "real ruins," except in pictures and the descriptions in books, is easily awakened and entranced, but somehow all this captivating reflection was not to overshadow the eagerness to see the man himself—the living personality!

The new Hawarden Castle where the



RUINS OF THE OLD HAWARDEN CASTLE.

family resides, nestles in a rich setting of foliage a short distance away, and at once suggests Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's home. The gateway with its castle turrets has a look of feudal times, and the coat-of-arms carved upon it is the double eagle.

MRS. GLADSTONE'S "CHARITY AT HOME."

I sat under a tree and penned a note to go with my letter, apologizing for the early call. While waiting a reply a merry group of nearly thirty children came out of the house, all bright and fresh in white collars. Some of these were lame and deformed, all had the indefinable look of indigence that is so pathetically borne by every charity child. But I forgot this the next moment in their buoyant eagerness at play.

Mrs. Gladstone believes that "charity begins at home," and these little waifs and orphans are members of her own household. Their games had begun to interest me and I had almost forgotten my mission, when on glancing up, I saw coming toward me, looking as though he had just stepped from one of his characteristic pictures, the great statesman. My heart stood still on the instant of recognition. He shuffled in his walk,—he was then quite feeble,—and his face showed the gathering lines of great age. He greeted me by name and extended his hand. Its clasp was lifeless. Plainly the physical fire was fast leaving that great soul. In a moment, however, the dark lustrous eyes lightened with a semblance of strength as he spoke of Mrs. Gladstone's wards. He was glad to hear from America, glad to meet a young American—and then I heard those characteristic words that I have quoted at the opening of this little sketch. As we chatted quietly amid the children romping on the greensward, a grandson drove out in a smart gig in hunting costume, evidently starting off for a day's sport. There was an atmosphere of gentle dignity about the whole scene, into which the noise of the youngsters blended but could not disturb.

Our chat under the trees lasted some minutes, when there came a summons from his private secretary, who mirabile! is even older than Gladstone himself.

A little sunny-haired girl of sweet face

ran up to claim his hand. It was Dorothy Drew, his favorite grand-daughter, whom he facetiously called a "Home Ruler." With a cordial farewell, and a wave of his hand to the children who stopped their play, he started toward the house leaning on the arm of his private secretary.

HIS LIBRARY A "TEMPLE OF PEACE."

Later in the morning I walked back to the castle. The "Grand Old Man" was taking his noonday nap. I was shown his library, which is in the truest sense a workshop of the brain,—one of the greatest the world has ever known. An idea of the extent of his collection of books may be gathered from his bequest for the benefit of theological and scientific investigators of 25,000 volumes from his overcrowded shelves. These are gathered into a special building erected on the grounds. He maintained an unusual degree of mental activity even at this time. System might have been inscribed over the door of Gladstone's work-room, which he called his "Temple." In the hundreds of pigeon holes about were carefully filed indexed notes on the many topics to which he has given special study. Of these the one which most occupied his years of retirement was theology. A glance at the titles of a shelf full of books indicated at once the student and the controversialist. That he had enemies many and relentless, even to the last days of his life, there is abundant evidence open to any visitor here. Even in the seclusion of the closing scene these same enemies feared the voice of the sage of Hawarden—who always had the world for an audience. As I returned down the winding road past the old ruined castle again, the great oaks of Hawarden with bare roots protruding like the chords and muscles of lusty old age and crowded with ripe and lustrous foliage, suggested the Great Human Oak, who has never wavered in the storm and tempest of a long and exciting public career.

THE VILLAGE ABOUT THE WALLS.

Under proper guidance the village was visited and everywhere was found evidences of the tender love of the people for their distinguished fellow citizen. Near at hand was the public library and reading room, a



A BIT OF LANDSCAPE ON THE GLADSTONE ESTATE.

small brick structure recently erected. There was a large billiard room, or otherwise it would have suggested the average American Y. M. C. A. building. In the library was a biography of Gladstone, in which he has subscribed in his own handwriting a stirring preface which is an inspiration to all young men. A complete set of Walter Scott's novels had also been presented by Mr. Gladstone, in which he wrote "No library should be without these novels." One of the amateur artists of Hawarden had been permitted sittings for a painting which adorns the club room. Another noted man, Sir Isaac Pitman, the originator of the well-known short-hand system, gave this library three thousand volumes. The club has done a great deal of good in the community and yet it cannot be called extraordinary in any sense because it happens to be under the shadow of Hawarden. It again evidences the fact that the great commoner was always close to the common people and never drifted from these moorings.

GLADSTONE AT DIVINE WORSHIP.

It was my good fortune the following Sunday to hear Gladstone read the service in Hawarden church. The words of the Sacred Book fell from his lips clear and distinct, and in an entirely different tone and character of voice from that in which he had chatted on the lawn a day or two before. That wonderful voice low, liquid and resonant in conversation, lost none of these characteristics and seemed to acquire positively new ones in the sacred function. Something of the strength of the eye which has flashed over the English House of Commons a thousand times, was apparent now and then as an accented passage was intoned. It is a spectacle which has passed into history with the great manes of the grandest Englishmen who ever lived. In the grey dawn of Ascension morn the oaks of Hawarden chanted his requiem as he breathed his last with his hand fittingly clasped in that of the greatest English wife of her time, his loving companion of nearly three-quarters of a century.



FROM THE PAINTING BY LAUPRÆGE.

SINGING BAND.

THE GIRL CHORISTER

BY MABEL CLARE CRAFT

THE question was asked of one of the clergymen of old Trinity Parish in New York, "How does Trinity Church still attract so large congregations although she has been left behind in the movement up town, and is now surrounded by business houses only?" The answer briefly was: "It is the blessing of God on good music." The minister stated an important truth and one to which we would do well to give heed. To slight the musical side of the church service, is to make a serious mistake, and we are glad to think that the Christian church in all ages since its beginning, has on the whole not made this mistake, but has been the conservator and encourager of all that is best in art and especially in the art of music. A Boston newspaper a short while ago made the following amazing statement. "It is a source of deep regret that most of our singers in this country find it a practical necessity to sing in church choirs; it may help to make both ends meet, but is a ruinous habit musically."

This extract indicates one or two things, possibly both. First, that church choir singing must have fallen to a low ebb in the capital city of Massachusetts, and secondly, that musical criticism there must be in the same condition, if the above is a sample of what prevails. What the art of music and especially the art of singing might have become without the influence and encouragement given to it by the

Christian Church, would be hard to state, so linked together have the arts and the Church been. The distinguished critic, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel says, that "no fact in the history of Christianity is more widely known than that the regulation and preservation of the art of music is due to the Christian Church.....The debt that all arts owe to religion is universally acknowledged; and it need not be denied that music is the principal debtor.....The development of music was in a great measure linked with the development of religion."

In the face of these statements it seems idle to pay heed to a critic who attempts to decry church choir singing as a "ruinous habit musically." The truth is, that in the service of the Church the musician is using his powers to noblest advantage, and has at his disposal the most sublime works that the great masters in music have composed. He does not depend on the applause of the concert room or the glitter of the opera, but should stand single-hearted and self forgetful, as only a true artist can, to engage in the highest task open to him, that of leading the thoughts and aspirations of his hearers past what is trivial and temporal, up to the presence of God Himself. That many church choir singers forget their high calling and allow themselves to be led away by petty ambitions and contemptible jealousies, is not to be denied. Very possibly the Church herself, in the worldliness which every now and



THE GIRL CHORISTER.

"Spotless linen with angel sleeves and a touch of black around the throat make up their attire."

then invades and often threatens to inundate the sanctuary, encourages a low estimate and aims for what is fashionable rather than for what is elevating.

* * *

In considering the subject of vested choirs, we might take the cathedral choirs of England as an example of the best work which has been done in this direction. No method of church singing is so helpful as that which selects the singers from among the people and gives them the careful training necessary. No church in America we believe, not even the venerable and wealthy Trinity of New York, has attempted such thorough work as has been done in England, where sometimes it is the practise for the boys to live in the house with their teacher and receive instruction from him every day. But musicians have always questioned whether it is possible to obtain the best musical results from a choir composed of only boys' and men's voices. We quote again from Mr. Krehbiel.

"More than one-third of the vestries in New York City have committed the choral service to the care exclusively of boys and men; yet I am unable to name a single church or chapel in which the choral music is confined to compositions written for boys and men." It is certainly true that the best composers wrote for a choir of mixed voices, and it is difficult to give their masses and oratorios adequately without the use of these; and in the selections from the great works mentioned, which are often given in churches, it is impossible that they should be rendered as the composer intended, without the use of female as well as male voices.

"The Churchman," one of the ablest organs of the Episcopal Church in this country has said, that "there is an artistic incongruity in committing the interpretation of modern religious music of the highest forms, written for adult mixed voices, trained in the highest ranges of execution and declamation, to the hands of little children and male altos." So keenly has this lack in the male vested choir been felt, that for several years many churches who have employed these special choirs have sought to help them out by the use of women's

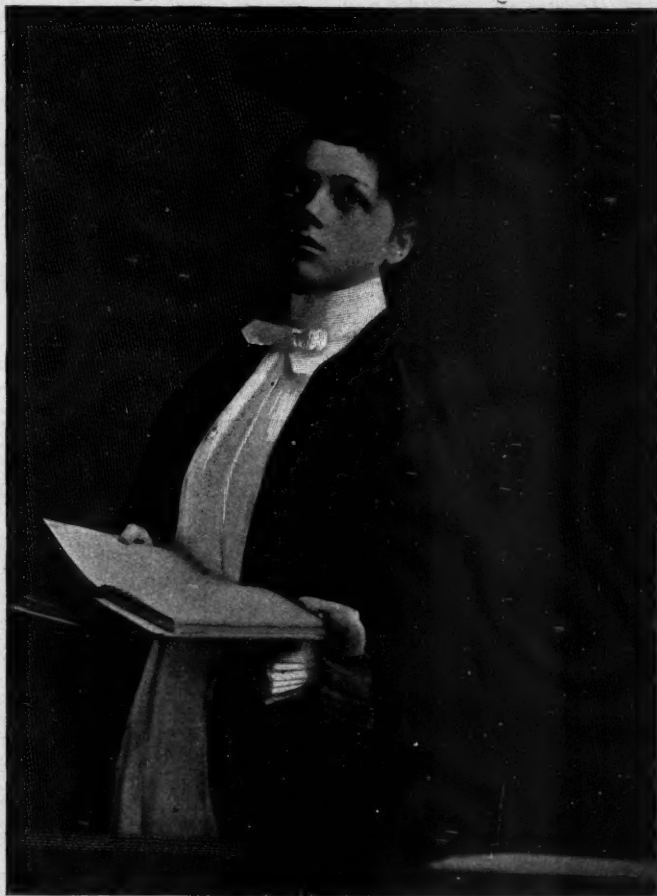
voices, the singers to be heard but not seen. This was so great an improvement that it was conceded that if women's voices were necessary, it should not be obligatory to conceal the fact, and so in Western America two girl choirs sprang into existence at about the same time, one in Spokane, Washington, and one in Riverside, Southern California. From these nuclei the idea spread, until now there are no less than twenty vested girl choirs in the West, with new ones being added every day and also some few in the East. While there has been and probably will be some prejudice felt at this innovation, we cannot but feel satisfaction that it is being tried and hopeful that it may be successful.

If America is ever to be a musical country and if our churches are to be worthily served by music, the improvement must come from among the people themselves and not from imported outsiders. The eminence of Germany in music is no doubt due to the diffusion of musical knowledge among the people, and it is conceded that this can in no way be so effectively furthered, as by the establishment of the singing society. The ordinary singer can be imbued with a sense of the masterpieces of choral composition, by the persistent rehearsing required in such a body.

The late Sir George Macfarren has said, that "a cathedral choir is the best cradle for a musician that our country (England) affords," and many of the greatest musicians both in England and on the Continent, have received their training and impetus thus. It will be a fortunate thing when the churches in America of all denominations, awake to the importance of thus interesting the people in the higher kind of music, and we are sure that in addition to the artistic, there is a vast moral side to the question to be considered. So that the employment of girls in vested choirs is to be regarded as a hopeful sign musically and one that if rightly used may prove highly beneficial. It rests with the churches to see that the training and direction of the choirs is what it should be, and the Episcopal church has been so eminent in this department that we may confidently hope for good results in this opportunity now open to her.

There may be some who would object to women in choirs on account of the incongruity of their appearing in vestments. The illustrations accompanying this article should dissipate such a notion. The vestments are gracefully and reverently worn

allowed. The Church of the Advent in East Oakland, California, whose rector, Rev. V. Marshall Law was the pioneer of women choirs in Spokane and who has always been one of its warmest champions, has a choir of forty-five voices, men,



"A PLEASING PICTURE TO THE EYE AS WELL AS THE EAR."

by the girls, and they serve in both men and women to obliterate the idea of sex and concentrate the mind on the sacred character of the occupation. There need be no special Sunday clothes and no Sunday hats. The vested women wear no gloves and neither jewels nor flowers are

women, girls and boys. They are trained by the rector and there are generally at least a dozen waiting for places in the choir. The size is limited only by the restrictions of the chancel. The choir was three years old last Christmas and furnishes music for a parish of seven hundred

persons. The boys in this choir wear the conventional short white cotta and long black cassock, and the variation in vestments forms a pleasing rest to the eye. The pattern of the girls' vestments came from Melbourne, Australia, and was adapted and slightly altered by Mrs. Law, who is the organist. She has evolved a dress of white linen, modeled after the English cathedral vestment. It has full flowing sleeves and is cut low enough in the neck to show a black garment underneath. This falls quite to the bottom of the dress and no edge of dark skirt is visible below. Those who sit near the ends of the benches wear black sleeves. The others wear sleeves of any dark material. They wear on their heads black Oxford caps with stiff head-pieces. In St. Paul's in Oakland, California, there is a mixed choir which is highly successful and which has a vestment which is an innovation, being black over white instead of white over black. It consists of a full Oxford gown of black

serge, falling apart from the shoulders to show a front of white lawn. A lawn tie and a black mortarboard completes what is said to be one of the most becoming of all the vestments.

* * *

The experiment of giving women a place in vested choirs has been a popular success in all the cases of which we have instances. St. Paul's church in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, was one of the first churches in the East to try the plan. It was inaugurated on Easter Day, 1895. The choir of men and boys which preceded it was considered second to no choir in the diocese, so the new choir had a formidable memory to work against. Great care was taken in the selection of voices and when it made its debut it was composed of twelve women, twelve men and twelve boys. Its success exceeded sanguine expectations and the most cynical critics acknowledged the beauty, feeling and finish of the rendition. This choir has grown in favor and effi-



"BEHIND THE BOYS CAME THE SWEET FACED GIRLS, THEIR HEADS COVERED BY THE SQUARE AND TASSELLED CAP."



"THERE IS NOT A FALSE NOTE IN THEIR DRESSING AND THE PLEASING UNIFORMITY DELIGHTS THE EYE."

ciency and now gives monthly musical festivals which are largely attended. Their weekly published order of music contains the choicest compositions, as the choir has a large library from which to draw. During the year several Oratorios and Cantatas are given. Last year, "Emmanuel," "Christus Surrexit," "The Crucifixion," "Ruth" and "Rebekah."

These are only a few of many churches both in the East and West, which might be named as successful examples of mixed vested choirs.

* * *

The church with a choral service, which is associated with the vested choir, presents a pleasing picture to the eye as well as the ear. When the organ begins to roll out its velvety notes, a distant door is softly opened and there pours out a strain of sweetest music. Through your half closed lids you see a manly little crucifer emerge from a distant aisle. He has eyes that look over the heads of the congregation and are luminous with thoughts of the gilded cross he carries so bravely. After him come the

smaller boys, their hands meekly folded on hymnals. Gradually the procession grows taller. The next are sweet faced girls, their heads covered by the square and tasselled cap. The blonde, brown and black locks are knotted demurely at the nape of the neck. Spotless linen with angel sleeves and a touch of black around the throat make up their attire. There is not a false note in their dressing and the pleasing uniformity delights the eye. Behind the singing girls with their sweet voices, come the men, also in vestments, furnishing the background of sound. How sweet are the songs of Zion and how restful such a scene to the weary traveler on life's pathway.

Some of the best literature of Christian nations is to be found in their hymns. The superficial, trashy, sensational ones, of which we have alas, too many, die out and the grand chorals of the ages remain. It was only yesterday we read of the great Gladstone dying and how his son read to him his favorite hymn, Toplady's magnificent "Rock of Ages," a poem which will last as long as human hearts endure.

Let the people learn to sing hymns melodiously and well, and this need in no way interfere with the work of trained choirs. The well known musician, Mr. John S. Dwight, has described "the beautiful effect of the congregational singing in the Dom-Kirche at Berlin, where he once heard the people sing the first verse of a popular choral in rough but hearty unison, the choir then taking the second verse and rendering it alone with all possible delicacy and richness of harmony, congregation and choir thus alternating until the end." It seems to us that the churches of America might accomplish an important work in thus developing the musical capacity of those entrusted to them. Music is an art which can be used for noblest as well as basest purposes, and surely the moral effect on the people, men, women or boys, who should set themselves conscientiously to study sacred music, could not but be beneficial. The standard of the Church should be high and its motto should be: "I will not offer to the Lord my God that which costs me nothing." If it is immoral for a mechanic or a seamstress to deliver slipshod or imperfect work, certainly it is immoral to offer incorrect and ill prepared

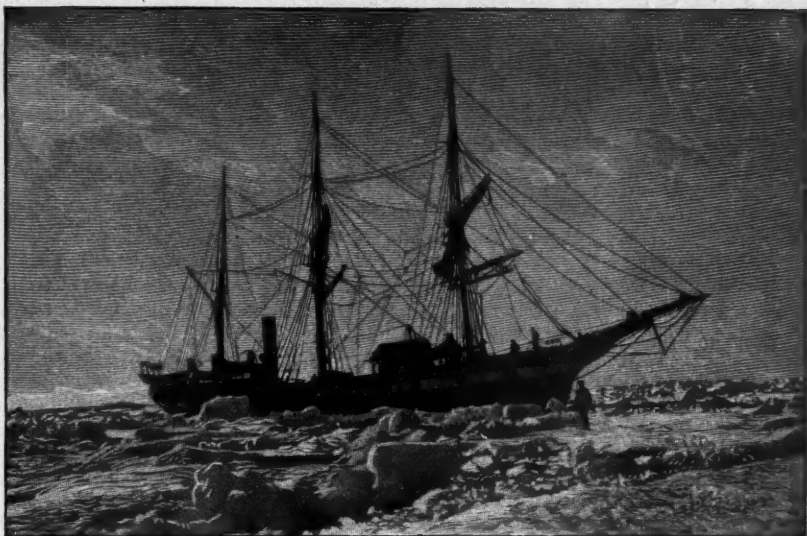
work in the services of the sanctuary. How often have our souls been rasped within us by pretentious music poorly performed.

Dr. Edward Hodges, who was musical director in Trinity Parish, New York, has observed—"a vile and unskilful organist, accompanying a graceless band of ignorant and vainglorious singers, in the attempted execution of music beyond the ability of one or the other to perform with decent propriety. In such a case, no matter what the style of music adopted, devotion is out of the question."

Too often we fear the music committees in churches have much to answer for in the way of discord. Too often they are composed of people who have no musical culture and who allow favoritism to have sway over them. Mr. Carl Zerrahn has said, that in Germany church music committees were unknown, the pastor and the Kappellmeister having the whole direction of the music. The Church has performed glorious service in the history of music in the past, let her look to it that she continues and perpetuates this honorable distinction, for of all the arts, music is most closely allied to religion and it is that which we most associate with the raptures of heaven.



"THE VESTMENTS ARE QUITE AS GRACEFULLY AND REVERENTLY WORN BY THE WOMEN AS BY THE MEN."



THE STEAMER "HOPE" ON A JULY MORNING IN GREENLAND.

LIEUTENANT PEARY'S LAST GREENLAND EXPEDITION

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE H. BARTON

IN the summer of 1896 Lieut. Robert E. Peary, U. S. Navy, conducted his sixth expedition to Northern Greenland in person.

His object in this expedition was to make further investigations among those most Northern people on the earth, those Eskimos among whom he had already spent three winters, known as the Arctic Highlanders, living north of Cape York; and also to obtain the largest of all known meteorites which had been previously discovered in the same region. For assistants he took with him his former faithful and trustworthy companions, Hugh J. Lee and Matt. Henson, and in addition Albert Operti, a well-known painter of Arctic scenery, who was to make special studies of the natives in sketches and casts.

For the purposes of the expedition Lieut. Peary chartered the steam whaler "Hope," under command of Capt. John W. Bartlett of St. John's, Newfoundland. This

steamer was built staunch and strong for the especial purpose of service in the ice. Capt. Bartlett had spent nearly a life-time in Arctic service, having been in charge of the "Panther," in which the artist Bradford visited the North in 1869. Thus the two main requirements for the safety of the expedition were fully met—a vessel and commander both thoroughly fitted for the work in hand.

Having much more room on the "Hope" than was necessary for his own party, Lieut. Peary afforded accommodation to two other parties, organized and conducted respectively by Prof. Ralph S. Tarr of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., and Prof. Alfred E. Burton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston. Each of these parties consisted of six members, and the principal object was the study of the ice phenomena presented along the western coast of Greenland.

The Cornell party were to land and make

their headquarters near the Devil's Thumb, at the southern extremity of Melville Bay, while the Boston party were to land on the little island of Umanak, in the Great Umanak fiord, and make their investigations in that region.

GREENLAND EASILY ACCESSIBLE.

During five previous expeditions Lieut. Peary had demonstrated that a summer journey to the Arctic has little more danger than an ordinary voyage across the Atlantic, and little fear was felt by the members of the various parties or by their friends as to their safe return home.

The Boston party, of which the writer was a member, left Boston on the afternoon of July 11, via the steamer for Halifax, Nova Scotia, thence passing by rail through the picturesque region of the Bras d'Or Lakes, to Sydney, Cape Breton. Here the three parties were organized and embarked upon the "Hope," which sailed from Sydney at noon on July 16. Passing through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the next two days were occupied in a very pleasant run along the western coast of Newfoundland and near enough to recognize the picturesque scenery of its deeply indented coast. The weather was warm and sunny, and lying upon deck was a pleasure. The first icebergs were encountered just after having passed through the Strait of Belle Isle. The bergs were very numerous, and many of magnificent dimensions. The larger number of our party had never seen an iceberg, and great enthusiasm was at once manifested. Capt. Bartlett kindly ran the ship as near as safety allowed to some of the largest bergs. Every one was on deck, cameras were abundant, and very numerous photographs were taken. It might be added here, however, that on the return trip the most stupendous berg ever seen



TYPE OF THE BAFFIN LAND WOMEN.

would scarcely have caused a single person to cross the steamer's deck; every one had seen enough for one season, at least.

THE FIRST FLOE ICE.

About the middle of the following night a sudden crash, as though the whole side of the ship was being crushed in, awakened everyone, and some of the more excitable ones rushed upon the deck.

The first floe ice had just been encountered, and the ship was threading her way between the floating blocks, striking now and then with a crashing, crunching sound that prevented all sleep for some little time, though no harm was done. The scene presented from the deck in the morning was a beautiful one. Ice in flat blocks of all sizes, from mere fragments to those several hundred feet in diameter, covered the surface of the ocean as far as the eye could



THE RESULT OF A CHANCE SHOT.

reach in all directions, seldom rising more than a foot or two above the water, with the exception of an occasional berg, apparently stranded in the mass of the floe ice.

Two men were now constantly stationed at the wheel and kept more than busy in obeying the commands of the officer forward as he attempted to trace out the little leads of water between the blocks or the least thickly accumulated masses of ice. Often the ship would strike a glancing blow that would sharply throw her far from her course, and if one were not braced for the shock a fall was the inevitable result. Occasionally the blow would be given straight head on

against so large a mass that the ship would be brought to a complete standstill, and one would look up unconsciously to see if the masts and spars were not falling from the force of the shock. For many days the interest did not flag in watching the ship fight her slow progress against the sometimes al-

most resistless force of the ice floe, and a large number were constantly grouped about the bow of the ship.

THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

On July 20 we ran into the finely land-

locked harbor of the little fishing settlement of Turnavik, Labrador. Here was sent home the first mail, which finally reached Boston on the 8th of September, being the first news received from the expedition, though the newspapers, with their characteristic enterprise, had occasionally published reports from us during the summer. Passing northward, the rugged Labrador coast was kept in sight. Nearing Cape Chidley, the headland



THE MEMBERS OF OUR EXPEDITION ABOARD THE "HOPE."

at the south of the entrance to Hudson Strait, a Polar bear with two cubs was discovered on the ice. Without leaving the ship's deck, the mother was shot, and then an exciting chase after the cubs took place, partly on the ice, partly in boats, till they were captured as they swam from one cake to another by



THE "HOPE" LEAVING GODHAVEN, FOR HER JOURNEY NORTHWARD.

rowing over them and slipping nooses over their heads. The old bear furnished a fine skin, and also added to the provisions for the table. The cubs were secured in a large box, in which they lived during the remainder of the voyage and in which they were afterward transported to Washington, D. C., where they now are.

THE FIRST ESKIMO GREETING.

A few days were spent in Hudson Strait, visiting Big Savage Island and the southern shore of Meta Incognita, where we met our first Eskimo. A whole village came off to visit the ship, and to trade furs for guns, tobacco and knives. Five men came in *kayaks*, while the remainder of the men, with the women, children and dogs, came in one large *oomiak*, or woman's boat. Both these boats are made of seal-skin, but differ greatly in size. The *kayak*, carrying but one man, is the boat used for hunting and fishing. The *oomiak*, large and cumbersome, is used for the transportation of the family, the household goods, including the dogs, and sometimes the entire village, as in this instance. Each *kayak* was drawn directly from the water over the sides of

the ship by means of ropes slipped over each end, and the occupant stepped out only when his boat had reached the deck. The *oomiak* came alongside with twenty-seven men, women and children, an equal number of dogs and a large lot of furs. The occupants of this boat climbed over the side of the ship, and soon a brisk trade in furs was under way.

Passing out of Hudson Strait and up the coast of Baffin Land, an attempt was made to run into Cumberland Sound, but this was so thoroughly filled with ice that an entrance could not be effected, and after two days' unsuccessful trial the ship was headed across Davis Strait toward Greenland, and for the first time since running into the floe ice, an open sea was found.

APPROACHING THE GREENLAND COAST.

Greenland was first sighted during the night of August 1, at about latitude 67° . The next day the high rugged coast was in sight far to the eastward, till finally the island of Disko rose directly ahead. On a low, jutting point at the southern extremity of Disko Island is situated the village or settlement of Godhaven (Goodharbor). This is the residence of the Governor

of the District and of the Inspector of Northern Greenland. From the latter it was necessary to obtain a permission to land at Umanak and to pursue investigations in that region, as permission from the Danish government had not arrived before leaving America.

The approach of the "Hope" had been noted in the village, and soon a boat containing the governor was seen coming out to meet the ship. Welcoming him on board, the "Hope" proceeded, and soon was lying at anchor in a very snug, landlocked little harbor, which is sheltered on the north by stupendous basalt cliffs, two thousand or more feet in height, and in all other directions by the low projecting point upon which the village is situated. Visits were made at the residences of the governor and inspector, and the necessary official permission obtained for work farther north. During the evening an Eskimo dance was held in one of the little houses, furnishing much of interest to various members of the ship's company.

A VISIT TO MRS. PEARY'S CAIRN.

An expedition having been planned to visit the upper level of Disko, a large number rose early, and at 2 A. M. began the journey. The ascent was made up a narrow valley, which a stream from the ice-cap above had cut into the steep, basaltic walls. The walls or cliffs as they face the south present a bold front of vertical precipices above of a thousand or more feet in height, with a mass of talus below having a very steep slope. Over this talus the party scrambled, till several gave up in disgust, a small number only reaching the upper surface of the island. Here the cairn erected by Mrs. Peary on her trip north was visited, its records inspected, and a record of the present trip added.

From Godhaven northward the "Hope" passed through the Waigat, a strait between Disko and the mainland, which is famous among all Arctic travelers for the beauty and grandeur of its scenery. Cliffs of sandstone of varied coloring, sometimes



GOVERNOR KNUHTSEN OF NORTHERN GREENLAND AND HIS WIFE IN THEIR HOME.

a brilliant red or yellow, rise on either side to an elevation of two or more thousand feet, the whole presenting an appearance very similar to the canyon scenery of our own southwestern states.

In the early morning of August 5 the "Hope" anchored in the little harbor in front of the settlement of Umanak. Icebergs were numerous in the strait outside, and some were forced into the harbor so that the "Hope" was saved from being crushed only by the most rapid exertions, and even then the stern davits were caught and badly twisted. Arrangements were soon made for the landing of the Boston party and the Governor of Umanak District, who resides here, very kindly placed a fair-sized frame house at its disposal which was constantly occupied by the various members of the party during the entire stay in Greenland whenever not absent on inland journeys.

INVESTIGATION OF THE GLACIERS.

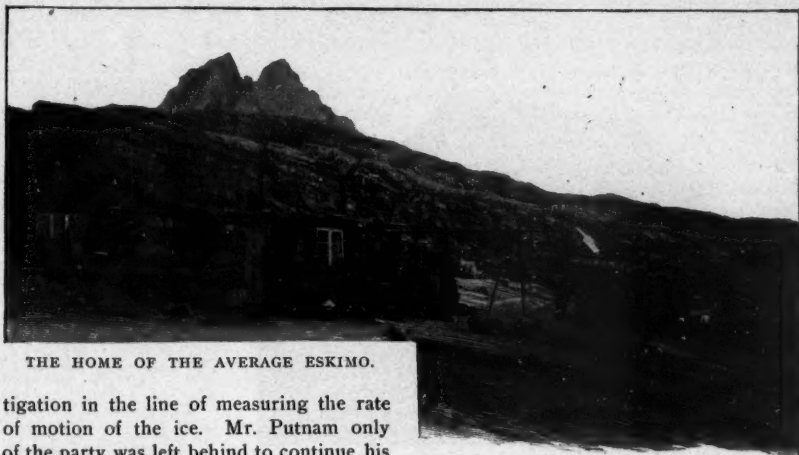
Governor Knuhtsen, an accomplished Danish gentleman, having good command

of the English language, was of great assistance to the party in many ways and of special help in obtaining a boat and crew of Eskimo for the transportation of the party and its equipment to the heads of the fiords and the direct neighborhood of the ice cap and its great glaciers. With his charming wife, a pleasant touch of home life was also afforded whenever an opportunity offered for a call.

The boat procured was a large oomiak manned by six Eskimos, consisting of a steersman and five rowers of whom two were women, the latter taking an equal share in the work with the men. In addition a single kayak was engaged, its owner to act as a hunter to provide seals for the Eskimos and to search for leads when ice should be encountered. For two days the wind blew down the fiord and the Eskimos could not be persuaded to attempt to force their boat against it. On the third day, the wind being fair, a start was made for the upper waters of the Great Karajak fiord, into which flows the Great Karajak glacier, the chief object of inves-



THE PICTURESQUE FULL DRESS. COSTUME OF THE ESKIMO WOMEN.



THE HOME OF THE AVERAGE ESKIMO.

tigation in the line of measuring the rate of motion of the ice. Mr. Putnam only of the party was left behind to continue his work at Umanak.

The Eskimos proved fair oarsmen, keeping up a moderate pace all day, though the cumbersome form of the boat, heavy laden as it was with the entire camping outfit and provisions for three weeks' time, prevented anything like rapid progress. At night a stop was made at the village of Ikerasak, on the upper end of the island of the same name. The notice of the approach of strangers had been given to the village by Kayakers and Governor Fleischer was ready at the landing with an effusive welcome.

The boat was at once unloaded, its cargo carried to the storehouse and the boat itself placed on a high framework out of reach of the numerous dogs of the village, who would have soon disposed of it as food had it been left within their reach. Notifying his wife to provide supper, the governor led the way to an eminence, whence a fine view of the island and the surrounding fiord was obtained and of the glaciers descending from the Nugsoak Peninsular. Returning to the house, a bounteous supper, consisting largely of venison, was served by Mrs. Fleischer and her three daughters. These ladies, in whom the Eskimo blood predominated, were all attired in the picturesque full dress costume of the upper class of Eskimo women. This costume consists of an upper garment of wool, brightly colored, usually in green, having around the neck

a collar of dog-fur, below which is a broad necklace of beadwork. Instead of skirts, there is worn a short pair of trousers made of sealskin with the fur outside, reaching not quite to the knees and decorated with white stripes in front, which fully distinguishes them from the same article as worn by the men. Boots of dressed sealskin and colored a bright red or yellow, usually the former, also decorated with white stripes, reach nearly to the knees. Between the top of the boots and the bottom of the trousers the knees are covered by a pair of ordinary white linen drawers, well starched and ironed, and worn with the embroidery on the upper edge. Altogether the costume is picturesque and very striking when first seen, and after living among such costumes, a return to civilization causes the ordinary skirt dress to appear much less graceful.

DAYLIGHT AT MIDNIGHT.

Retiring at midnight, though light enough to read the finest print, sleep was not long in arriving. Having left a request to be called at 5.30 A. M., promptly at this hour Governor Fleischer appeared in the room. The party were disposed in various positions, mostly in sleeping bags on the floor.

Immediately after the call, Governor Fleischer reappeared at the door, accom-



THE LITTLE ESKIMO CHAPEL WHERE THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION WENT TO CHURCH.

panied by the ladies bearing plates of black bread and cups of tea or coffee. Sitting upright in their beds the members of the party partook of this early breakfast, Governor Fleischer meanwhile playing and singing a Danish morning song.

After the meal was finished the members of the party were somewhat embarrassed by the ladies remaining in the room, observing which Governor Fleischer exclaimed: "Pay no attention to them, gentlemen, the Eskimos are all natural people, just get right up and dress!" which was done with the ladies about the room ready to assist if necessary.

IN AN ESKIMO CHURCH.

A strong wind setting down the fiord prevented the immediate continuation of the journey, and it being Sunday, the party attended church in a little chapel where the whole service was by an Eskimo pastor and in the Eskimo language. It was of great interest, though, of course, not

a word was understood. Many of the hymns could be recognized and the singing, though deeply guttural, was good. On the next Sunday the people missed their service as the pastor forgot the day and went fishing instead. Late in the afternoon a dance was organized in a small, low building back of the governor's residence. The music was furnished by two violins. The costumes varied from the full dress described above to dirty furs of the shabbiest description, in many cases

the garments not meeting and thus exposing rings of bare flesh at the waist and knees. The dance was very exciting at times, the dancers occasionally whirling in inextricable confusion till almost exhausted and then suddenly coming to rest.

The wind having died out, the journey was resumed at 9.15 P. M. In the deep fiords, whose sides rise precipitously much of the way to several hundred or a thousand or two feet in height, and with a cloudy sky the twilight is rather deep even at this season and as the boat threaded its way through the drifting ice



OUR BOATS AND CREW.

and among the large bergs, the scene was one of a wild and weird grandeur.

The cold was strongly felt in the cramped positions necessarily maintained in the heavily laden boat. Toward morning a slight stop was made at a little Eskimo settlement and then a direct pull was made across the waters of the Little Karajak fiord against a strong head wind that, at times, prevented all progress. At 7.15 A. M. a landing was made at the foot of a slope leading down from a sheltered position where a house had been built a few years since by Drygalski, a German scientist, and the keys to which had been loaned us by Governor Knuhtsen. This house was made the headquarters of the party during the next three weeks, while explorations, by means of camping parties, were carried on within a radius of twenty-five to thirty miles.

High, rugged cliffs rose directly back of the house, up which ascent could be made, and at a distance of about two miles away, lay the Great Karajak glacier, a stream of shattered ice five miles in width and fifteen or twenty miles in length.

After a warm breakfast and a short rest a visit was made to the glacier. Its grand and beautiful appearance is nearly indescribable. Taking its rise far back in the great continental ice cap, it plunges down through the fiord till at sea level the waters resist its farther advance and it breaks up into huge masses, forming icebergs of all sizes, which float away down the fiord and out upon the broad waters of Baffin's Bay and still farther southward, till finally melted by contact with warmer waters and air. Many days were spent in the investigation of this great ice stream, but most fascinating of all was watching the formation of icebergs at its frontal margin.

DESCENT OF THE GLACIERS.

As the glacier passes downward over the irregular bottom of the fiord valley it is cracked in innumerable directions, forming crevasses of all widths and depths, from the thickness of a sheet of paper to many yards in width, and from a few feet to hundreds of feet in depth. The total

width of the glacier is about five miles, but its thickness is not known. As it fronts the waters of the fiord it rises above their surface in an irregular, but nearly vertical face of about five hundred feet, but the depths of the water filling the fiord, upon whose bottom the ice rests, have not been measured. It is safe to place the estimate at many hundreds of feet, so that the thickness below the water level is much greater than that above.

The waves on the surface of the water wear into the face of the ice and the large blocks formed by the numerous crevasses are constantly being undermined, and, in consequence, fall into the water with thunderous crashes. As one sits on some projecting point overlooking the scene of action, the whole attention is absorbed and every sense kept intensely alert watching the display. The succession of sounds produced strongly resemble those of a battlefield. A pistol or a rifle-shot here and there, then a scattering volley, the louder report of a cannon or two, and then the roar as of a whole park of artillery, all repeated many times over as the sounds reverberate back and forth between the high precipitous sides of the fiords. Watching for the origin of the sounds, small blocks are seen falling separately, then an avalanche of many together, then the whole face for hundreds of feet goes down at once with an immense crash. Even of the largest block little is left in a single mass after the fall. The crash into the water breaks them into the small fragments with which the whole water surface is constantly covered for miles down the fiord. The large icebergs are almost entirely formed from the huge masses which rise from below the water surface at short intervals. As the waves wear away and undermine the upper part of the glacier, that portion below the reach of the waves, less crevassed and much more compact than the upper part, is constantly advancing till the buoyant power of the water causes it to break off in huge blocks and rise to the surface. As this is done, waves of immense force are generated which make but little show on the surface till they strike the shore, where the water is at once churned to foam and the spray is

dashed to a height of a hundred or more feet as in a heavy storm.

GLACIAL ARTILLERY.

The effect produced by the falling masses is of the same kind, but much less. These waves are propagated for long distances, and, in consequence, the Eskimos could never be coaxed to venture in the large boat to a nearer distance than about five miles from the front of the glaciers. This extreme care to the inexperienced members of the party seemed absurd, but further knowledge proved the wisdom of it. Similar results are produced if one of the large bergs cracks to pieces, as they often do, in some small arm of the fiord. One of the weirdest scenes witnessed was in the little harbor of Sermiarsut, where a portion of the party had landed about midnight late in the season when the nights had lengthened considerably. The large oomiak, containing the camping outfit, had been left in charge of friends of the crew, the latter having wandered among the villagers, and the kayaks had been taken from the water and placed several feet above on the rocks. Our party was being entertained with a warm supper in the skin tent, or summer residence, of the chief of the village, when suddenly, a series of terrific crashes broke the silence as though a man-of-war had drawn alongside and was discharging broadside after broadside. At the first warning, each Eskimo darted from the tent and ran toward the landing. Our party, though not at first comprehending the situation, soon understood the cause of the sounds and the excitement of the people; the boats were in danger, and we, too, hurried to the landing. On the way, man after man was met with his kayak under his arm making for higher land. At the landing the water, which we had left calm and passive a few minutes previously, was now breaking upon the shore in a series of wild waves which reached far inland above the general level. Looking for our oomiak, it was finally discovered far out in the fiord, the watchers having put to sea at the first alarm, where they could ride the waves in safety. Had the oomiak remained at the landing it would have been crushed to pieces in the

surf as it dashed over the rocks. With the moon high in the heavens, the fiord dotted with huge bergs and floating masses of ice, the skin tents and turf houses with the chattering inhabitants gliding among them, the deep shadows of the mountains lying in fantastic outlines, the roar and crash of the cracking berg as it passed into dissolution, gradually dying out in a series of faint reverberations from the fiord sides, all mingled in a scene of wild grandeur, which once witnessed can never be forgotten.

THE CONTINENTAL ICE-CAP.

The surface of the grand ice-cap of Greenland has for centuries presented a fascinating field for Arctic travellers, yet comparatively few have been upon it. Trips of a few miles inland were made by the early Danish settlers and later by Nordenskiöld and by Whympere. Lieut. Peary, in his first Arctic journey, passed inland in the vicinity of Godhaven for a distance of about one hundred miles. A little later Nansen landed upon the eastern coast, and with a small party crossed to the western coast at a place considerably south of the Arctic Circle. Since then Lieut. Peary has made his four famous trips across from Whale Sound, on the western coast of Northern Greenland, to Independence Bay, on the eastern coast.

With little time at our disposal, a short trip only of three days' duration was made into the interior by three members of the party and a single Eskimo. Sleeping-bags, tent and provisions were all carried on a single sledge. All the Eskimos carried the material to the upper surface of the ice, which was reached after a not very difficult climb, and then after packing it upon the sledge, bade us good-by. The first ten hours were spent in dragging the sledge over a rough wavy surface where the sledge did not upset oftener than, perhaps, once in five minutes. The remainder of the journey was over a smoother surface which, however, in some places was thickly crevassed. Dust is blown inland for a mile or two over the surface and accumulating in little depressions absorbs the heat of the sun's rays, and by this means melts small holes downward into

the ice. These are usually two to three feet in depth, and vary in diameter from the size of a pencil to three or four feet. As these dust-holes are very numerous, much care was necessary to avoid them, but with only partial success, as soon nearly everyone had wet feet from breaking through the thin ice which covered them during the night and most of the day.

THE INTERIOR OF GREENLAND.

Farther inland a view from points of slightly higher elevation showed the surface to be broadly undulating like the rolling of the American prairies. Descending to one of the lower areas, a stream of water was encountered sufficiently broad to prevent further progress in that direction, and this was made the terminus of the journey. The surface is traversed everywhere by numerous small streams flowing toward the land, most of which can be easily crossed, but this one was far too broad to jump, and too deep to wade, having a width of about twenty feet from bank to bank and nearly the same depth of channel, the water having a depth of about five feet. The current was flowing about as rapidly as a man could run. These streams, in some cases, reach the land, but in many cases fall into a crevass. The banks of the streams and the sides of the crevasses show the ice to be absolutely pure, clear and transparent, except a small thickness on the surface which has been affected by the heat of the sun. As the whole surface of the ice is so nearly level as to present no obstructions to the winds, gales sweep over it with tremendous force. For this reason our tent was so made as to have a bottom continuous with the sides, so that it was really a large bag. In case the winds became sufficiently strong to blow our tent away we should still be inside it and not exposed to the open gale. Fortunately, no extremely severe wind was encountered while on the ice-cap.

The coloring of the sky at midnight, while the sun was skimming along just below the horizon was extremely fine and glimpses caught from the margin of the ice-cap down over the waters of some of the fiords were magnificent beyond description.

Returning to Umanak for a fresh supply of provisions, a second trip was made to the glaciers at the head of Itivdlarsuk fiord. Of these, the only one to which we could get easy access for observations, was only three miles in width, but nearly as long as the Great Karajak.

The scenery found on this trip was fully as grand and picturesque as that of the Karajak fiord. One very interesting night was spent with Governor Street, a full-blooded Dane, on the little island of Satut. As we sat in his dining room we found lying on the sofa a bundle of periodicals from Denmark and England and also a highly illustrated pamphlet descriptive of the World's Fair at Chicago.

Returning again to Umanak, where we arrived at about 10 P. M., on the evening of Sept. 8, we were agreeably surprised by the arrival of the "Hope" next day, Sept. 9, having not expected her till the 10th at the earliest. Governor and Mrs. Knuhtsen, the deputy governor, and the pastor and his wife, were entertained on the "Hope" during the afternoon. At evening, farewell was said to all the friends in Umanak, and our party was homeward bound: A fall of snow took place during the night and passing through the Waigat next day, the freshly fallen snow covered everything with a mantle of white. A stop was made at Godhaven, where many furs and trinkets carved from ivory were obtained from the Eskimo.

Setting sail from Godhaven about 6 P. M., a stiff breeze was encountered on passing out from the shelter of the land into the open waters of Baffin Bay. This breeze soon strengthened into a severe gale, the force of which threw the vessel over till every movable thing on deck had landed in the lee scuppers. In the cabin, those in the berths on the windward side were continually occupied in trying to prevent themselves from being thrown out while those on the lee side were continually receiving material from the other berths, the tables and even from the stove. During the following day and into the night the gale continued, but the second day it moderated so that the sailing was pleasant and the coast of Baffin Land was sighted north of Cumberland Sound.

After 11 P. M., the "Hope" ran into floe ice and soon was so beset that she became fast and so remained through two whole days till about 9 A. M. on the third, Sept. 16.

BESET BY THE ICE.

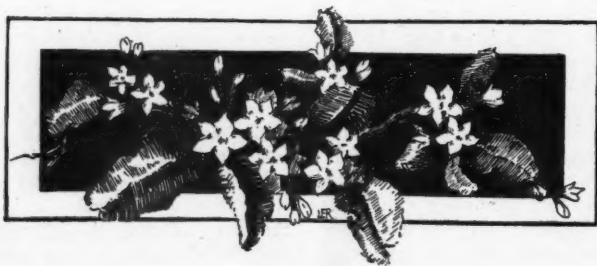
During this day Cumberland Sound was entered, where the water was found to be nearly free from ice, only a few bergs being seen. The next morning found us in a howling gale of snow, so thickly falling that one could scarcely see the length of the ship's deck. Black Lead Island whaling station was found and a pilot from that settlement took the "Hope" into a good harbor, the refuge of whalers who spend the winter in the North. A stay of two days was made here, during which time various investigations were carried on upon the land. The Eskimos of Baffin Land are of a type highly differing from that of Greenland. The latter are so crossed with Danish blood that rarely is there found an individual of full Eskimo blood. The Baffin Land Eskimo, on the other hand, is of nearly pure blood throughout, the half-breed being a rare exception. They are but slightly civilized, being nearly in their native state, and though their habits and surroundings are much less pleasant in association with them, they still afford a much more interesting subject for study. During our stay in Cumberland Sound they constantly thronged the deck and occasionally penetrated the cabin, where the odor left by their visits lingered for many days.

A SNOWY CRADLE.

No more striking feature was observed than the children who were carried in large hoods on the mothers' backs. Although the older people were dressed in the thickest of furs, these little ones were absolutely nude and protected from the cold only by the hoods in which they sat. In many instances, when nursing, the child was placed on its mother's knee in this perfectly naked condition while the snow was falling upon the bare flesh, and in one case a nude child was placed upon the bare top of a carpenter's chest and slept soundly from 10 o'clock at night till 5 o'clock the next morning with nothing to protect it from the snow, which was constantly dropping over it. On the morning of the 19th the ship was pointed homeward, not again to stop till Sydney was reached at noon on Saturday, Sept. 26.

The voyage, which had again demonstrated to many that a summer trip to the Arctic is one of little danger and of great pleasure and profit was ended, but, unfortunately, the only train of the day had left Sydney in the morning, and the parties were obliged to remain in Sydney over Sunday.

Thanks to Mr. Fairbanks, the pleasant and gentlemanly proprietor of the Sydney Hotel, the time was passed as pleasantly as possible under the circumstances. Monday morning the train was taken for Boston. The latter city was reached on Tuesday night and the members of our party bade each other farewell.



AN INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT

BY FLORENCE ADELINE BOYCE

"WHY, France Ireland O'Neil"
"How do you do, Mr. Gerald Osborne."

"What are you doing here?"

"Getting wet," calmly replied the young woman addressed. "Your umbrella is depositing quarts of liquid down the back of my neck; besides you have arrested me on the brink of the cable-slot. Would you mind, 'continuing in our next,' on the nearest sidewalk?"

Miss O'Neil guided herself over the muddy crossing by a series of skillful hops, and landed on the curb slightly out of breath.

"My, Gerry!" she exclaimed with a critical little pucker between her eyes, "how big and—and how nice you've grown."

"Have I," said Gerry smiling. "Well, you haven't changed a bit, France, not a bit, you are exactly the same."

"You are not any more polite than you used to be," she exclaimed indignantly. "The idea! I've changed a lot. Why, my hair isn't half as red as it was."

"It never was red," declared Gerry stoutly. She laughed merrily.

"O, Gerry Osborne, what a fib. You used to call me frog-bait, and teased me shamefully, you know you did; and then when we fought—"

"Did we fight?" he enquired in mock astonishment.

"We did," she asserted emphatically, "and we probably will now."

"Not for worlds," he said hastily, "I'm no good at it. You always made me take a back seat."

"I will again," she said promptly.

"I've no doubt of it," said he, carefully readjusting the umbrella over her head.

"It's a good thing you met me," he added, "or you would have been swamped in this downpour."

She stopped in dismay.

"Why, it's raining pitchforks," she exclaimed dolefully, "and I have gone two

blocks too far. Where are you dragging me to?"

"To lunch, if you don't mind," he said, cheerfully. Then he burst out, "France, you haven't told me a thing about yourself. Why are you here in New York? What are you doing?"

They had entered the dining-room of a fashionable Broadway hotel, and she sat facing him, a provoking smile hovering about her pretty mouth.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, with a funny little shiver, "don't look so fierce, Gerry, please, the waiter is pitying me, I can see it in his eye."

Gerry propped the menu against a carafe.

"Like Little Neck clams?" he enquired laconically.

"Yes, sir, if you please," she answered, "and—I'll be good now," breaking into dimples.

"But my story is rather long: Couldn't you tell me yours first?"

"Mine is not long," he said with a short laugh, "that is, the telling of it isn't."

"Go on," she said encouragingly, "begin from the beginning." He took a long breath and looked away from her out of the window.

"From the beginning," he repeated, "Good, well then, after we—when I—that is—when you—"

"When I said you were an idiotic boy, and told you to go away and leave me alone. Yes," she finished evenly.

"Well, I went," he said a little bitterly.

"And left me alone," she added with an odd little quiver in her voice.

He leaned across the table and scanned her face.

"France, what do mean by that, are you sorry, dear? I—"

"No, no," she said hurriedly, her face flushing. "Continue the story please," she added more quietly, "it is not very interesting so far."

"No, it isn't, and the rest is even less so. I came here, you knew that, and I've worked hard, that's all."

"You never wrote," she said, reproachfully.

"I couldn't at first, I was too sad. I did write once though, two years ago when your father died, but you never answered."

"I never got it, Gerry," she said quickly. "I blamed you too, because I thought you cared for father, and for me—I thought you had forgotten, please forgive me."

"I'm awfully sorry," he said gently, "I know what the dear, old man was to you. I would have come, but I thought perhaps you'd like best to be alone; that is, I didn't think you would care to have me."

She ignored the last of his sentence, her lips trembled slightly as she continued:

"He was all I had, and it was all the more cruel because I didn't expect it. I was alone too. I haven't any relatives this side of the water, and of course I didn't want to go to the old country."

She smiled a little.

"Father always said the 'old country,' and mother called it, 'ma belle patrie.' I am afraid they were rather poor Americans at heart. You know father used to account for my peculiarities by saying that I was not born in Ireland," she laughed merrily. "I couldn't help being queer, Gerry, could I now, being French from Cork?"

"Well, you had to live up to your name, you know," replied Gerry, smiling.

"Of course, but you see, if I had been a boy it would have been Ireland France, and that would have been much better, because I really am more Irish than French."

He was hardly listening.

"France," he demanded, "I want to know what you have been doing with yourself. Will you tell me?"

"Peste, the impatience of the man! What shall I tell you first, sir?"

"How did you come to leave Woodfield?"

"That's easy, because after Daddy died there was nothing left for me, and besides, the leading man at the new church—"

"The *what*," he exclaimed.

"The leading man. O, I forgot, you didn't know him, he came after your time.

He was good enough for St. Johns', but I hate people who miss their vocation, and he had the making of a splendid actor in him."

"Well?" he interrupted impatiently.

"Well," she repeated with the least bit of a twinkle in her eye, "he tried to make me see that I should do my duty in that state of life into which it should please God to call me. My particular state being, he argued, the position of rectress of St. John's, and I told him," she paused:

"What?" he demanded.

"Well, the first time," she said demurely, "I said it was quite impossible, as I was afraid I could never be remodeled to suit the Guild, and the last, I'm afraid I was very rude," she reflected, "but I told him that never until then had I fully understood the significance of the prayer 'from the crafts and assaults of the devil, good Lord, deliver us.'"

"Good!" he cried, "the young whipper-snapper, how dared he! You, a minister's wife, ha, ha!"

"Am I so very wicked then?" she enquired with a pathetic droop at the corners of her mouth.

"You are—"

He stopped, leaning across the table with quickened breath.

"Go on," he said abruptly.

"I hadn't very much, you know, so I had to do something, and Gerry, you've no idea how hard it is to find that something, at least I found it so; until one day when I was very nearly worn out, I met Miss Rhineland, and she was an old friend of father's, you know, and awfully clever. I told her about myself and she asked me if I would be willing to read some of father's little poems to a few friends, who were coming to tea with her next day. I was just about desperate, so I said I would, and I did, and they were all so nice to me. And so, and so, well, I went to some of her friends' houses, and afterward other people's, and read, and sometimes I sang. The little French ballads mother taught me, do you remember?"

He nodded.

"Did you like it?" he asked.

"Yes, at first, but afterward I didn't. I'm frivolous, myself, but I don't think I care

for frivolity in other people, and most of the crowd I met were dreadfully butterflyish. They took me as a matter of course, didn't care who or what I was, as long as I amused them, and worst of all, the men insisted on making love. I could stand the women, even though they called me 'that young person,' but I could not stand the secondhand love of Tom, Dick and Harry, so I stopped it, and looked for something better. And now," she raised her voice triumphantly, "*now*, behold, Miss O'Neil, special reporter for the woman's page of 'The Criterian,' n'est pas, monsieur?" And she nodded at him saucily.

"Very good, mademoiselle," then he added in an entirely irrelevant manner, "but I advise you to use your next month's salary for the needful purchase of a pair of overshoes, your present pair seem to be shuffling off this mortal coil at a very rapid rate, to judge by the toes." "It is the height of ill-breeding," she said severely, "to make remarks about other people's clothes. If you feel so very much put out about it, I haven't the slightest ob-

jection to your presenting me with a new pair of India-rubbers." "Bravo," he cried gayly, "evidently our very best Etiquette Column style, your last suggestion was good, but," here he meditated, "it seems to me, I have read in that very column, that, 'A young lady should never accept presents from a man unless she is engaged to him.' How about that?"

She flushed hotly.

"Now, Gerry," she began, "don't be an idiotic—"

He stopped her with a look:

"France," he said gravely, "I am no longer a boy, and you are a woman. I had hoped—" he paused, looking at her with wistful eyes.

"I want very much to get you those overshoes," he finished irrelevantly, "May I, dear?"

She looked down at the toe of her shabby shoe, and then raised her eyes rather timidly to his strong, calm face:

"I need them very much," she said a little tremulously, "I—I think you may, Gerry."

A HARVARD LAY BROTHER

BY MABELL SHIPPIE CLARKE

FOR more than a month there had been growing among the men of Townsend's set, a suspicion that he was going to the bad. Once he had been seen coming out of a house which seemed to the eyes of Chadwick, who met him, to conceal possibilities of *faro*. Chadwick was something of a gambler himself, and assumed to be possessed of a knowledge of the appearance of such places. To be sure, it was found afterwards that Townsend had been to visit his "goody's" husband, who was laid up with a broken leg—but the impression clung, nevertheless.

Then Morton saw him one day on the street in conversation with a young woman of somewhat flamboyant architecture, and

although it was proved beyond a peradventure that she was the very respectable person who did his mending, yet there were many who believed that Townsend was "mashed on a mucker."

Unexplained, however, was his disappearance from his usual haunts at four o'clock every afternoon. Fellows who wanted him had searched everywhere—in the gymnasium, on Jarvis Field, in the library, at the usual round of afternoon teas—and had found him not. There were rumors of his having been seen in dingy streets in the Port by men who were walking out from Boston and were taking a short cut through that unpleasant region.

Such being the state of public opinion,

no one was surprised to have Townsend throw down his hand one day as the clock struck four, although the last jack pot had been unusually exciting.

"I'm not coming in," he said, taking his hat from its resting place on the plaster brow of the young Augustus. "In fact, I'm going out," an attempt at wit that was greeted with derision.

With the shutting of the door every hand was tossed upon the table as if by common consent.

"He's doing this every day to my personal knowledge," said Chadwick, "and I'm going to see it out this afternoon."

"I'll go with you," cried Morton, eager to prove that Venus was in the ascendant and not Mercury.

The rest had no theories, but went from curiosity—all except Allen, who was a senior, and who knew Townsend's mother, and was in love with the sister, and hence felt it incumbent upon him to take the interest of an elder brother in his welfare.

Townsend was almost out of sight when they reached the street, but his long, steady stride was recognizable in the distance, and his friends sprinted after him.

For twenty minutes he led them at a smart pace through the better part of Cambridgeport, and then turned aside into a short by-street that extended towards the river.

"I told you so," asserted Chadwick, seeing with his mind's eye a green covered table.

"Just what I said," ejaculated Morton, so much pleased at the prospective proof of his theory that he forgot to regret the fact of his friend's being in the toils of a siren.

There was no electric light in this obscure alley, and the early dusk of the winter afternoon concealed the group of spies in its fast deepening shadows. Townsend passed the tenements, and went up the steps of a cottage, the only detached house on the street. It was at the end—beyond it a tin-can-strewn vacant lot, extending to the marsh.

Allen looked grave as he saw Townsend knock, as if to warn the inmates of his coming, and then take a latch key from his

pocket, and enter before the door could be opened from within.

"He knows the way," grinned Chadwick.

"Been there before," assented Morton, cheerfully.

With one accord the eavesdroppers moved toward the vacant lot, where a shaft of light streamed from a side window. Once around the corner they did not see a woman who left the house almost as soon as Townsend had entered.

What they did see as they pressed to the window whose partly raised curtain allowed them a good view of the room and its occupants, was of a nature to surprise every one of them.

"The table must be somewhere else," suggested Chadwick, bound to uphold his theory.

"He has to get on the good side of grandma first," murmured Morton, his mental retina filled with a vision of beauty which must be about to fall upon it.

Before the fire sat an old woman whom the novels of fifty years ago would have described as a "beldam." Wild eyes indicative of a disordered mind blazed in a face crowned by a mass of unkempt white hair. Her thin figure ever swayed to the promptings of an inner restlessness, and her nervous hands clutched incessantly at her dress or at the air.

The onlookers were in time to see Townsend greet her. She responded to his salutation by a blow of her cane which the young man dodged with a coolness born of experience.

"An agreeable old party," muttered Morton.

Seemingly unruffled by this reception, Townsend went to a closet in the room, and taking from it a chafing dish and eggs and milk and butter, he set about the preparation of an omelet.

"Well, I'll-be—hanged," said Chadwick, slow in his amazement.

"By Jove," exclaimed Morton, "that's the silver dish his mother sent him on his birthday. I thought he'd put it in hock."

Allen said nothing, but he felt a twinge of remorse, for he had thought so, too.

It required some skill to serve the meal,

once it was cooked. Townsend placed a small table before the old lady.

She promptly kicked it over.

When at last she was induced to hold the plate she first threw a bit of the omelet to the cat ("A libation to Felis," whispered Grimston, who had taken honors in classics and antiquities), and then flung her fork into the fire. Townsend rescued it, and substituted a spoon, which seemed more to his patient's fancy.

"Duck, boys, he's coming," cried Grimston, excitedly.

To air the overheated room Townsend opened the window directly over their heads, as they squatted on the ground. He lifted the curtain higher, and looked out blindly into the darkness. Allen thought that he heard him sigh. So did Morton. Morton was a just little man when once he was convinced.

"I say, fellows," he whispered excitedly, when Townsend had been recalled to his duties by a boiling over of the tea-kettle that threatened to put out the fire in the grate. "I say, fellows, I don't believe he likes doing it, after all."

"I don't believe he does," agreed Allen.

Townsend had lifted the kettle from the fire, and was making tea in a brown teapot with a broken spout. While it was steeping he picked up the pieces of the shattered plate from the hearth where the old woman had tossed it when she had finished her omelet.

"Here's your tea," came distinct through the open window a few minutes later. "What will you stir it with to-day?"

He turned to a motley collection of articles on a shelf at the old woman's side. She selected a toothbrush, at which Townsend was seen by his delighted friends to make a grimace.

"I'm ready, go on," they heard her say, and Townsend, seated on the table's edge, in close proximity to his cooking appurtenances, swung his legs idly, and began to sing "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley."

"Well, I'll-be-hanged," said Chadwick again. Chadwick was not a man of varied speech.

"There, madam," Townsend was saying, "how did you like that burst of melody? Now just listen to this. It's the latest

operatic success of Paris and New Mexico," and forthwith he warbled "Fair Harvard."

The tea and the music seemed to have a composing influence upon the old woman. The incessant swaying of her body ceased. Only the nervous hands beat continual time with the toothbrush against the teacup.

Allen felt a suspicious moisture about his eyes, while his lips smiled at the grotesque scene before him.

"I went through the Squires' pork establishment the other day," said Townsend, resting his elbow on his knee and his chin on his hand, "and there I learned the intimate connection between the rendering of pig products, and the rendering of a song. I stored the information in my memory to tell you."

The old woman showed some interest.

"In rendering pork, you know, you try the fat, and in rendering a song, you try the audience. See? I will now illustrate the rendering of a song," he went on hastily, seeing that his patient was growing restless in her effort to understand his nonsense.

He was singing "Ben Bolt" in a highly sentimental manner, and tears were running down his hearer's withered cheeks, when a step in the entry caused an instant change in her demeanor. Springing to her feet she flung her teacup straight at the door. Townsend sprang from the table, and caught it neatly on the fly.

"Out," cried Grimston, under his breath.

Had the young man not been so quick it would have struck the woman who entered.

"How has she been?" she asked, with no trace of surprise at the warmth of her reception. She was a woman of forty, tall and angular, and her features showed her kinship to the insane woman, her mother.

"About as usual," returned Townsend. "I saved the cup, to-day, you see, but I was too late for the plate," indicating the fragments on the table. "Is it the last one? I'll bring you some more to-morrow," he added, putting on his coat, and taking up his hat.

The listeners beneath the window now thought it wise to make good their escape

—all except Allen. He walked along slowly after his friends who were running in pursuit of an electric car that had flashed by the end of the alley. He let Townsend come up with him.

"Hullo, old man, what are you doing here?"

"Spying on you," returned Allen frankly, and then made his confession, ending with—"And I beg your pardon with all my heart."

"Oh, that's all right," said Townsend, much embarrassed. "They're just two old women I found out about. The daughter makes neckties, and she has to deliver them at a shop in the Square every day at five o'clock, so if I can stay with the mother while she's out, she can keep her 'job,' you see. Then it saves her some trouble if the old woman has her supper while she's gone. It amuses me, too," he added, rather shamefacedly.

Allen never told Townsend who had been his companions in the reconnoitring expedition, but it was not hard to guess at some of them. Chadwick came to Townsend the next day with

"I say, I've got some money here that I got the other night—no matter how—and I don't like to keep it. Do you know any poor people that it would help?"

And Morton, who had cut several recitations for the purpose of going into Boston to make some purchases, bought him a big bundle of silks, saying

"Old man, Allen tells me that you know a woman who makes neckties. Will you get her to make me up some out of these? Pretty, aren't they?" he added sheepishly.

And Grimston, who was fond of antiquities, implored him whenever they met, to "*render a song to try men's souls.*"

MRS. PAYSON'S CLEVER MOVE

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

"**S**PEAKING of clever women," remarked Judge Crabtree, "there was Mrs. Payson, the wife of a man I used to know who lived up in Harlem. Payson was an easy-going fellow who went through life losing his umbrella and never finding anybody else's. He seemed entirely satisfied with the world. Never was heard to denounce the government, and so far as I know never wrote to the newspapers protesting that the garbage wasn't removed from his street on time or complaining that a cable car hadn't stopped when we hailed it. But Mrs. Payson was different. She was ambitious, and was always striving to better their condition.

"The Paysons used to live in a flat—one of these ordinary, long, vertebrate flats, the rooms strung on a thread of hall. When Mrs. Payson went into the kitchen the hired girl had to get out on the fire-escape. An athletic sort of a chap couldn't have

expanded his lungs in some of the smaller rooms. The family dog could never wag his tail in the regular manner, but had to beat it up and down, like a pump handle. Tears would come into Mrs. Payson's eyes as she stood and watched that poor dog thrashing his tail up and down; but Payson would only sit and smoke and talk about the beautiful adaptability of nature. Said the dog ought to be thankful that he didn't have to leave his tail down in the coal-bin along with the family bicycles. Payson used solemnly to assert his belief that if dogs weren't restrained in the matter of tail-wagging that they would finally come to have caudal appendages like a kangaroo, and knock folks down every time they wagged.

"The janitor who infested the Payson house was the usual article, and used to roar at the children in the halls and steal the vegetables off the dumb-waiter. Finally

they decided to move. The new flat they engaged wasn't any larger than the old one, but they thought it would be a change. So they got one of these big covered vans with a picture of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" on one side and a bit of Meissonier's "1807" on the opposite side, both done in oils and other chemicals. Payson said he reckoned the charges shown in the pictures weren't half so fierce as those of the van company.

"Well, the van men loaded up and started, the Paysons walking along at a decent distance in the rear, Payson still making weak jokes about the pictures, and wondering if Meissonier or a pupil painted the running gear of the van. But Mrs. Payson was thinking. By-and-by she says to her husband: "Payson, there isn't any janitor connected with that van." "No," says Payson, "and there isn't any sexton, either." "You don't know what I mean, Payson," says his wife; "did you notice that our things had more room in the van than they did in the flat?" "We'll have to pay for a full load just the same," says Payson,

still in the dark. "And I saw Fido wagging his tail horizontally after they put him in," went on Mrs. Payson. "I'll bet he had to lie down on his side to do it, he's got so used to the perpendicular movements," answers Payson. "Well, you stop that van a moment while I run around the corner," returns his wife. So Payson did so, amusing himself by asking the driver how much Meissonier taxed them for the work, and if he furnished his own paint. In about five minutes Mrs. Payson came back and said to the van man: "Just drive onto that vacant lot and unhitch. I've bought the van." Then she added to Payson: "There's more room in the van than there will be in the flat, and no janitor, and we're just going to live there the rest of our days." Payson objected a little because he said they would have to get new furniture to live up to the Meissonier, but it didn't do any good, and his wife had her way. And last week I heard that Payson was laid up with a broken leg, the dog having caught him just below the knee with a fierce horizontal wag."

THE TROUBLE ON THE TOROLITO

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

I. ANGUS THE FIRST

IT was a crystalline evening of a sort unpaintable in any poor word-pigments of mine; an evening vibrant with the harmonies of the altitudes, unspeakable for me, and altogether indescribable to any who have never looked upon the soul-quelling glories of a Colorado mountain sunset. Macpherson had propped me with two bear-skins and a spare poncho on the squared log which served as a door-stone for the ranch house, and had given me the field-glass wherewith to amuse myself. It was my first sane glimpse of the sheltered upland valley watered by the Torolito.

* This remarkable story, by Francis Lynde, presenting a new phase of western life, will be published as a serial in six parts.

Three days before, when Macpherson had brought me up from Fort Cowan swathed in blankets and lashed lengthwise on his buckboard, I had been too ill to know or care greatly about the whence or whither.

It was a stockman's paradise, the park-like little valley shut in by lofty mountains, and from the heaving swell crested by the ranch buildings and corral the metes and bounds of Macpherson's small kingdom were well within eye-sweep. Eastward, no more than a rifle-shot from the home ranch, a black gash in Gringo Mountain marked the portal of Six-Mile Canyon, the only gateway to the paradise; and from thence the inclosing ranges diverged to meet again

in the snow-coifed summit of Jim's Peak at the head of the valley. The "X-bar-Z" men, with the exception of the mild-mannered desperado who cooked for us, were still out; and Macpherson sat beside me, naming the mightinesses in their order, and pointing them out with the stem of his black cutty-pipe. When I lowered the field-glass in sheer weariness, he told me about the single fly in his pot of ointment.

Now it may chance that when one has given hostages to death, panoramic sunsets and friendly confidences may become alike mere flotsam and jetsam on the ebbing tide-way of time; but Macpherson was too good a fellow to be flouted in his time of asking. Wherefore, when he had made an end, I was fain to put a little life, galvanic or otherwise, into the moribund body of human interest.

"Then you think this land company will ultimately drive you out of the Torolito?" said I.

"Sure. It's only a question of time if the syndicate once gets hold. The stock-raiser is like the Indian; he must move on when the farmer comes."

"The relentless march of civilization, and all that, eh?" quoth I, lying in wait to spring upon him.

"Yes; it's the survival of the fittest, I suppose."

A near-hand view of eternity is subversive of many theories, and I lashed out in fine scorn.

"What an infernal lot of cant we can swallow when it's sugar-coated with the ipse dixit of the theorists! Why don't you call things by their right names and say that when the strong man comes, the weak have to give him the wall? You drove up here five years ago when everybody said that the first winter in this altitude would cost you every hoof you owned. You proved the contrary; and now, when you've set up your little kingdom in one of the waste places of the earth, a lot of capitalists come along and invite you to abdicate. I'd see them hanged first!"

Macpherson made a dumb show of applause. He is a latter-day recrudescence of the physically-fit heroes of the Homeric age, with square shoulders and legs like posts; a man who can bend nails in his

bare hands, and who has never found the bottom of his well of strength; but he has laughing brown eyes with a womanish tenderness in them—eyes that may glow with righteous indignation, but which know not vindictiveness.

"Oh, you be damned," he said, affectionately. "What would you do?"

"I'd be governed by circumstances and fight for my own to the last gasp. You can do that as well as another, can't you?"

He took time to think about it. "I don't know. If Selter would stand by me——"

"Who is Selter?" As I have said, it was only my third day in the Torolito, and the first two had been spent in the spare bunk of the ranch house.

"I'll have to begin back a bit to account for him. Three years ago a rattletrap of a prairie schooner—but say, you're sick, and I don't want to bore you with folklore."

"Go on; I'm three planetary orbits beyond the boring point."

"Are you? Well, as I was going to say, a shackly old schooner drifted up Six-Mile Canyon and into the park. Jake Selter was its skipper, and the crew consisted of a wife, a half-grown daughter, and a flock of little ones. They were homesteaders looking for a bit of prairie with a stream convenient which could be dammed and ditched, and the old man drove up to ask me what I thought of the Torolito from the point of view of potatoes and the small grains."

Now I submit that any one save Angus Macpherson would have divined at once that this was the entering edge of a wedge which would ultimately split him in twain, and I said as much.

"You should have told him the altitude was prohibitory, but I suppose you didn't."

Macpherson grinned. "No, I have my weaknesses, same as other people. I was the king of the Torolito, as you have remarked, but I had only the 'X-bar-Z' men for subjects, and I was lonesome for a sight of women and children. You don't know what that means now, but you may, sometime. I piloted the schooner to the head of the valley, helped Selter stake out his claim, took the boys up one day and knocked him up a cabin, and another and

built him a dam, and there he was, a fixture."

"Of course. Go on."

"Well, the potatoes were a success. That summer, Selter got word to some of his old neighbors in Tennessee, and more prairie schooners came up Six-Mile. We built a bigger dam and dug a longer ditch; and in the course of time the settlement at Valley Head named itself and built a schoolhouse."

The crimson and gold in the sky-fire over the shoulder of Jim's Peak faded to fawndun and ashes of roses, and I waited for Macpherson to drive on. When it became evident that he had stopped at the schoolhouse, I gave a tug at the halter.

"That accounts for Selter; but you haven't told me how he figures in the syndicate matter. I should think he and his neighbors would be a unit with you in trying to keep the land-grabbers out."

"You would think so. They'll be between the upper and nether mill-stones if the big company ever gets control of the water. But human nature is pretty much the same the world over—short-sighted and easily fooled. The promoters tell the settlers that the big ditch will jump their land from nothing to a hundred dollars an acre, and so it would if they could contrive to hold on to their own water-right."

"Why can't they?" I had been born and reared in a land where the former and the latter rains fail not, and irrigation is unknown.

"Because the syndicate is too sharp to take chances. It must control the water absolutely and exclusively in order to make the scheme successful. As the first homesteader to prove up on his claim, Selter has the prior right to the water, much or little,—owns the present ditch, in fact, in fee simple. So long as he stands in the way, the money-people will do nothing but talk; but I'm afraid they're talking to some purpose. If Selter sells, that settles it."

"Can't you buy him out and hold the whip in your own hands?"

"I thought I could at one time, but latterly he's been dodging me; just why, I don't know."

"Perhaps the syndicate has overbid you."

"I've thought of that; but in that case

you'd think Selter would whipsaw back and forth between us. He is an avaricious old sinner."

I remembered the half-grown daughter, —whole-grown, doubtless, by this time,— and looked askance at the handsome young athlete whose guest I was. "Family coolness all around?" I queried, feeling my way.

Macpherson was bronzed and sunburned like any son of the wilderness, but I saw the red blood go to his face.

"Blest if I don't believe you've hit it. Since the schoolma'am came—but that's another story."

"Out with it," said I. "Dead men tell no tales, and I'm as good as dead, you know."

The half jest went nearer to the loving heart of him than I meant it should.

"Drop that, old man," he said, with a hand on my shoulder. "It hurts me, and it doesn't do you any good. You must believe that this clean air and the out-door life are going to make a man of you again."

"Not in a hundred years, Angus, my boy; I've put it off too long. But tell me the story—the other story. What has the schoolma'am to do with it?"

Macpherson is Scotch only in name. His manner of attacking a thing is more like that of an English trooper charging a masked battery with the odds against him.

"The schoolma'am isn't to blame," he made haste to say. "She is an angel, pure and simple; and, as I happen to know, she has been trying all along to make peace. But since she came, the Selters have been offish,—mulish is the better word,—and for no reason on top of earth, that I can understand."

I smiled in my beard. When an angel, pure and simple, is set over against any daughter of the solitudes, a *casus belli* with a handsome young athlete like my friend is not far to seek.

"You used to visit the Selters pretty often along at the first?" I ventured.

"Why, yes; we were neighborly."

"Gave the daughter a pony, let us say, and taught her how to ride?"

Macpherson laughed. "Now how the mischief did you know that?"

"If I had lived a century or so ago, your ancestors would have said that I was fey and had the dying man's gift of second sight. But never mind that. You made yourself agreeable to the Tennessee girl—gave her the pony and went a-gallop with her, and all that. But when the angel, pure and simple, came——"

He threw up his hands. "Let up on that, old man," he said, with a little laugh of embarrassment. "I'm no woman's man—wasn't in the old high-flying college days, if you happen to remember. I've been no more than decently civil to Nancy Selter, and as for Miss Sanborn——"

The interruption was a scurrying dust-cloud whirling up from the portal of Six-Mile Canyon; a cloud which presently resolved itself into a horseman, riding as if for life. Macpherson picked up the field-glass and focussed it.

"It's Bart Kilgore, coming back from his regular after-pay-day spree at Fort Cowan," he said. "Just lean back against the door-jamb and hold your breath when he gets here. I shall have to give him the usual cussing out, you know."

II. THE INVADERS

I obeyed orders literally, leaning back and closing my eyes when the dust-begrimmed range-rider galloped up and swung out of the saddle. But Kilgore proved to be a bearer of tidings; and when he had opened his budget the breach of ranch discipline and its merited out-cussing were alike forgotten.

"You're sure you know what you are talking about, Bart?" said Macpherson, eyeing his man suspiciously. "You know I've a good right to be doubtful of anything you say you see or hear at the Fort after pay-day."

The scourger of dumb brutes grinned and turned his pockets inside out.

"I reckon that calls the turn, Cap'n Mac, six times in the haffen dozen, but I'm jug-proof this evenin'; no dust, no drink. And I'm givin' it to you straight. Ther' ain't no kind of a balk on it this time; Selter's sold us out, lock, stock, *and* barrel. The deal's done dealt, papers signed, gradin' outfit on the way, and the engineers

a-comin' up the canyon this identical minute,—teepees, telescopes, barber-poles, and all."

A far-away look came into Macpherson's eyes, and the pipe between his teeth began to go up and down in a way that swept me back through a decade to a stuffy little college dormitory, with a big-limbed young son of Anak sitting across the table from me, hammering away at his mathematics.

"Who is it, Bart,—the Englishmen?"

"I reckon."

"And they're on the way in now, you say?"

"Yep."

"I guess that settles it," said Macpherson, half absently. "We might as well round up and drive over the range."

His seeming reluctance to fight for his own nettled me past endurance. "You'll do nothing of the sort if I can help it," I cut in. "You're going to contest this thing from start to finish; and when your money's gone, you can have mine."

He shook his head. "It's no use. I can give and take with the next fellow when it's worth while; but I'd have to go, in the end. These people are well within their lawful rights, if they've bought Selter's ditch; and I—I'm only a squatter."

"Law be hanged!—you've right and possession. And in the last resort, you can at least make them pay you to go."

Knowing Macpherson as I did, I should have said that he was the last man in the world to take the sentimental point of view in any matter of business, but surprises lie in wait for one at every turn in this vale of incertitude.

"If it were only a question of profit and loss, I shouldn't mind," he said. "But it's just as you said a while back; I've been the Macpherson of Torolito, and I've come to look upon the park as my own particular little kingdom."

I wheeled promptly into line with the sentimental point of view, and spoke to the matter in hand.

"Put it upon any ground you please, but don't give up without trying a fall or two with them. I'll back you, as I promised; you might as well have the patrimony as the charity-people who will scramble over it after I'm gone. We can homestead a

quarter-section or two on their line of ditch for a beginning, and pull down a few injunctions on them if they try to cross. I'm far enough past qualifying and going into court for you, but I can be your consulting attorney while I last."

He shook his head again, as one whose mind is made up. "It wouldn't do any good. There isn't a ghost of a show for us in any legal fight. It would be your bit of money and mine against millions."

Kilgore took the short-barrelled rifle from its sling under his saddle-flap and flicked the dust from it with his soft hat. He had a trick of looking tired and sleepy upon occasion, and at such times, as I afterward learned, those who knew him best watched his pistol-hand.

"Back yonder in the Tennessee hills, wher' I come f'om," he said, "ther' was wunst a feller f'om the North 'at 'lowed he was a-goin' to build him a ho-tell on the mounting and run a railroad up to it. Nobody never said a blame' word ag'in' it, as I ever hearn, but somehow 'r 'nother, he got sorter tired and wo'nt-out atter a while and quit; and ther' ain't no ho-tell n'r no railroad on that ther' mounting yit."

We both filled in the inferential blanks in the parable, and when Kilgore had disappeared in the direction of the corral, I said, jestingly:

"There's an idea for you. If legal means fail, you can mobilize your cow-boy army and drive them out by main strength and awkwardness."

Macpherson laughed good-naturedly. "If you were half as vindictive as you talk, you'd be a holy terror. But I'm not going to fight. At first, I thought I should—with the Winchesters, if it came to that,—but they've been figuring around so long that I've had a chance to think it over—and to change my mind."

I have a pathetically acute memory for details, and it occurred to me just then that he had spoken of the schoolmistress as a peacemaker.

"Has Miss Sanborn forbidden it?" I asked, with malice aforethought.

He was singularly embarrassed for a man who had made me more or less his *fidus Achates* since our college days in the stuffy dormitory.

"You are taking a good deal more for granted—about Miss Sanborn—than the facts warrant," he protested. "Of course, she is interested on the side of peace, in a general way; but——"

"But you would have me believe that she has no personal interest in the matter. I haven't the pleasure of her acquaintance, but if that be the case, I'll venture to say that she is not a very discerning young woman."

Now when you would sweat out the secrets, sentimental or otherwise, of any son of Adam, there is no sudorific like a little abuse well rubbed in. Macpherson's reply told me what I wanted to know, and more.

"Say, you musn't talk that way about her, old man. I can't listen to it, you know. She is all that's good and pure and sweet, and I'm—that is to say, I——"

It would have been needlessly cruel to let him go on stumbling about in the limited vocabulary of the lover at bay. So I said:

"Don't stultify yourself, my dear boy; bring her to me that I may bless you both before I go hence and be no more."

"Confound it all! You will go on taking too much for granted!" he broke in, missing the predetermined pathos in the last phrase. "Can't you understand? She is 'Miss Sanborn' to me yet, and I'm 'Mr. Macpherson' to her. That's the plain truth of it."

"All in good time, Angus, my boy. I can understand that there are milestones, even in Lovers' Lane. And I can also understand that if Miss Sanborn is on the side of submission I can't incite you to rebellion. Is that the fact?"

"If you will put it that way. I shan't fight, at any rate."

There the matter came to the ground of its own weight, and I took up the field-glass to train it upon another miniature whirlwind of dust coming across the valley.

"That's Dan Connolly," said Macpherson, when the dust-cloud parted in the midst.

"How can you tell, at this distance?"

"By the way he rides. He was a trooper in Her Majesty's Heavy Dragoons before he migrated and became a cow-puncher,

and he jockeys in his stirrups to this good day. Hello!—what's that?"

It sounded like the fall of plank upon plank, but I was enough of a sportsman to recognise the crack of a heavy rifle. Thereupon ensued a quick-moving and stirring tableau. The horse of the approaching range-rider seemed to turn a summersault in air, coming down broadside in its tracks. I looked to see the ex-trooper flung headlong, but the glass showed him to me flat on the ground behind the living breastwork, with his rifle levelled over the heaving withers of the bronco. A thousand yards away, at the black gash in the Gringo, a small cavalcade was defiling into the park, and out of it a horseman rode, waving his gun in the air as he came. Macpherson stepped back into the house, coming out again quickly with his Winchester.

"By God!" he said, between his teeth, "if they're going to begin by taking potshots at us—now what the devil is that fellow trying to do? Hasn't he got sense enough to know that Connolly's only waiting till he gets in range?"

The oncoming horseman had slung his

truce-bearer dragged his horse to its haunches, the bronco's garrison had called a halt. There was a brief colloquy of some sort,—not peaceful, if the field-glass were to be trusted, and gestures mean anything,—and at the end of it the man with the white handkerchief galloped back to his company and led it by a wide detour around the intrenched one. Five minutes later, Connolly ambled up and dropped from his horse at the corral bars.

"What was the row, Dan?" Macpherson called.

"Nothin' worth the name of ut, sorr. It was on'y Misther Engineer Wykamp, av the Glenlivat Land Coomp'ny—bad 'cess to 'm—poppin' his gun over the head av me to ask about the thrail. He was sweatin' heejus, an' for wan cint I'd 'av put him out av his mis'ry. I was that near to doin' ut annyhow."

Macpherson's smile was of the grimmest.

"It's God's mercy Connolly didn't kill him," he said.

The little episode was to me like the sight of his first battle is like to be to the soldier, and my bones became as water. Moreover, the spirit of prophecy came



DRAWN BY ROBERT F. ELWELL.

"THE GLASS SHOWED HIM FLAT ON THE GROUND WITH HIS RIFLE
LEVELLED OVER THE HEAVING WITHERS OF THE BRONCO."

rifle, and was waving something white. The man in the breastwork let him come up until he was within easy killing distance, and then, judging by the way in which the

upon me and I was fain to give it speech as one who had advised a thought too rashly.

"If that's the beginning of it, Angus, the middle part and the ending will be of vio-



DRAWN BY ROBERT F. ELWELL.

"THE DUST-BEGRIMMED RANGE-RIDER GALLOPED UP AND SWUNG OUT OF THE SADDLE."

lence. I don't know but the schoolma'am is right, after all. What I had in mind was a legal fight."

"You mean that I'd better be prospecting for the new range?"

"After you've driven the money bargain, yes. There'll be bloodshed if you don't."

"I don't know," he said slowly. "Somehow, I don't feel as sure about what I ought to do as I did a few minutes ago. Are we a lot of outlaws to be called down like escaping convicts?"

I tried to turn it off in a laugh. "It's doubtless all one to the engineer. He is probably from the far East, with fictional notions of Western customs. I shouldn't wonder if he thought that was the accepted method of calling a man's attention out here. Where are you going?" Macpherson had risen to take his saddle from its peg under the wide eaves.

"I believe I'll ride up the valley a piece and see what has become of Milt. He isn't quite as hasty as Dan Connolly, but I wouldn't answer for him if that fellow tries

to bully him. Shall I put you to bed before I go?"

I suffered him; and a little later through a chink in the ranch house wall, saw him mount and ride. It must have been hours later when he returned. The men were snoring peacefully, and the moon was pouring a flood of white radiance through the square window openings and the never-closed door of the ranch house. I heard Macpherson stumble in and fling himself into his bunk, which was opposite mine. When I turned over to speak to him, I had a glimpse of his face in the moonlight, and it brought me to my elbow with a sharp ejaculation of concern.

"For Heaven's sake, Angus, what's the matter with you? You're bleeding—you're hurt!"

He rolled over quickly and hid his face after the manner of a petulant child, and I heard something which sounded like a mumbled curse.

"Never mind me; I'm all right. The bronco stumbled. You go to sleep."

(To be continued.)



ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS.

BY WILLIAM F. CODY (BUFFALO BILL)

Drawings by Robert F. Elwell



IS an American individuality and a prevalent idea of our National identity abroad that has been emphasized in the enlistment of a regiment of "Rough Riders" for the Cuban war. Under command of Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who resigned his

position as Assistant Secretary of Navy to enlist, this unique body of soldiers has an unusual distinction, even before the line of battle is formed.

It may not be too sweeping to assert that nearly every person in the United States has seen or heard of the "Congress of Rough Riders" of the world. Not only in this country are the dashing, dauntless characters well known, but in a tour abroad ten years ago, Europe had its romantic ideals of western American life enlivened in the tour of the Rough Riders, and it is not altogether a matter of regret that this conception of American life should exist.

The new regiment furnishes a distinctiveness and a well-defined American individuality—something more than a replica of European ideas. There is something stirring, refreshing and wholesome in the general conditions of our western life, and a nation or people is likely to be best known by the distinctions that are pronounced and different from that of other nations.

The "Congress of Rough Riders" was not conceived altogether in the spirit of money-making or to follow in the wake of the gorgeous circus of Barnum. There is a decided educational feature in this pres-

ervation and reproduction of this distinctively American life. There is, too, an inspiration of patriotism in the whirling, whisking vitascope of rough riders. In the comparison of the soldiers of all nations is a lesson that stimulates and awakens American loyalty and enthusiasm even in the lethargic times of peace.

INDIAN WARS A MATTER OF HISTORY.

The end of Indian wars has arrived, and with this will come the passing of the Indian scout and to a large extent the picturesque "Rough Riders" of the plains. As the West becomes populated and dotted with farms and the aboriginal and roving Indian settles down to peaceful pursuits, the eagle's talons lose their sharpness. The warlike ferocity of the American Indian is now a matter of history, and the echo of the old-time war whoop is lost in the rush of commercial avocations. The great herds of bison of the plains a few years ago disappeared about as suddenly as if they had evaporated, and it will be somewhat the same in the assimilation of the American Indian. Not that they are all killed or annihilated, but like the transplanted wild rose, they cannot exist under the torturing tameness of civilization.

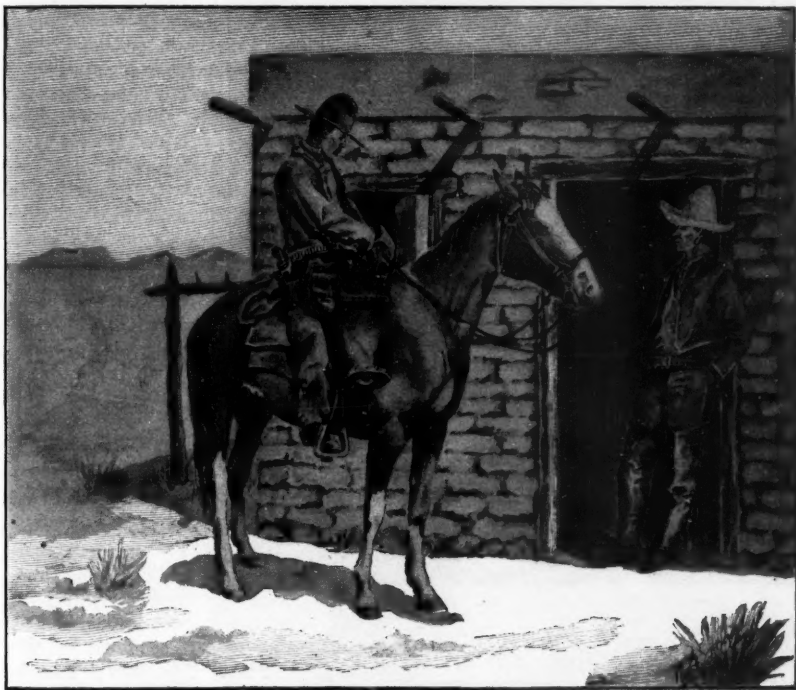
The adventuresome life in the "wild west" will soon become merely a matter of history. Even the "cowboy" is becoming more tame as the bronchos domesticate and lose the traits of the herds of wild horses from which they were sired. With the passing of the Indian the occupation of the scout is gone, but we have the memories and traditions of history preserved in a distinctive regiment in our regular army. Tales of the free, dashing and fascinating life on the plains and the romance of mining camps are to-day the most popular and pronounced American literature in foreign

countries. Bret Harte still holds sway in England. Cooper's novels are read there more than in this country.

A FAMOUS INDIAN PEACE JUBILEE.

The Indian tribes have nearly all assimilated to a certain extent civilized ways, or at least have become reconciled to the advance of civilization. They have learned the ways of peace as well as the arts of

and Chippewa meeting alone in the woods, one or both would have to die. It was only fifty years ago that desperate battles were fought between the Sioux and Chippewas in northern Wisconsin, in which hundreds of lives were lost. The Chippewas managed to hold their happy hunting grounds on the shores of Lake Superior, while the Sioux were driven on further west to the plains of the Dakotas.

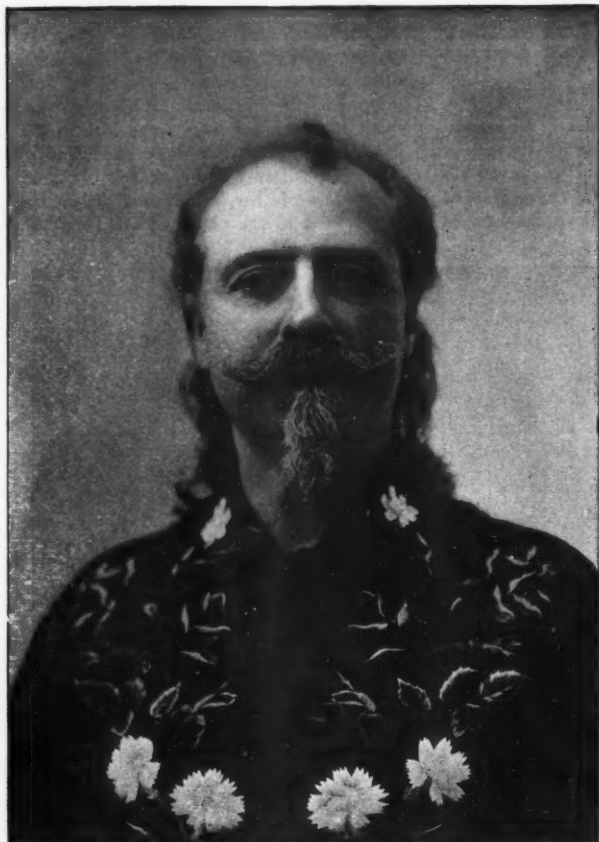


ROUGH RIDERS ON THE PONY EXPRESS MAIL ROUTE.

war from their white brother. The enmity against the whites has receded as Indians have become reconciled and smoked the pipe of peace among themselves. It may not be known, but the deadly feuds between different tribes of Indians has been as much responsible for the extermination of the red man as the encroachments of the whites. The traditional Indian revenge was even more relentless among the tribes than against the whites.

It was only a few years ago that a Sioux

Looking back over a career of thirty-five years spent on the plains among the red man and the most primitive scenes of American life, I recall some scenes and occasions more vividly than others. A recent affair of great importance and one of the notable peace jubilees which has practically ended tribal feuds among American Indians, was held on September 11, 1896, when the prosperous Chippewas greeted the leading Sioux chiefs near the site of one of the most desperate battles



COLONEL WILLIAM F. CODY (BUFFALO BILL).

between the two tribes on the river Brule. This peace meeting was arranged by Lieutenant Mercer, U. S. A., the Indian agent and myself.

The official interpretation of what passed between the chiefs has been happily preserved and is a part of the government archives at Washington.

It was late on a bright autumn afternoon when the peace jubilee ceremonies occurred. The Indians had assembled for hundreds of miles around, deserting the old trails they had travelled on trains. The Chippewas were attired in gorgeous, greasy paints of various hues and a curious mingling of Indian and white costume. The Sioux, on the contrary, in their stately

imperial eagle feathers were the aristocratic and pure Indian still. They clung to the traditions and customs of the past.

The Sioux and Chippewa language being entirely different, interpreters had to be employed. The crowd gathered about us in Indian fashion. In the council were numerous cowboys and rough riders, connected with the "Wild West" show. The following is the first stenographic account that has ever been presented of a "Peace Jubilee" between Indian tribes.

THE LANGUAGE OF INDIAN DIPLOMATS.

Chief Anakwad or Cloud of the Chippewas: "I desire to speak a few words to you here in behalf of my Indians. In days gone by we

were enemies, but now I come to you with a feeling in my mind as pure as the flag I carry. (White.) I am very sorry there are so few of my band present, they are only small portion of what the real number are; had more of them known the intelligence that you were here you would have seen a far greater number than you now do. Those you see now show just what my people are leading to, but I have not given up my Indian life entirely. My chiefs, also all of their braves are very much pleased to have the opportunity of meeting you here to-day. I introduce to you Chief Black Bird, Chief Neshogijig and Chief Buffalo."

Rocky Bear (of the Sioux). "My friend

I will give you a piece of my mind: Thirty-one years ago, about that time, the Great Father wanted us to be peaceable, everybody, both Americans and Indians. May be you remember there was trouble there in those days, but we all go by one God. But why we had trouble among ourselves we do not know. We made a treaty about that time, thirty-one years, but we don't know as we remember ever seeing any of your people, but our fathers had sworn the vow of death. If I return to my home and tell my people, those who did not come will be glad to hear of this news. In our way to introduce each other a pipe is given, that means forever. At all times the pipe was foremost. Where do you live?"

Chief Cloud. "We reside here at Bad River reservation. In offering you this pipe I give it to you with a feeling of good will and good fellowship, and we shall endeavor to use your pipe when we have a meeting; we know we will use your pipe and I ask you when you get back to your people to have the Chippewa pipe used at your councils for the benefit of such a meeting; when we hold our councils we will use your pipe for that purpose, we shall use your pipe foremost of all. We hope to have the opportunity of meeting you again, and when we do we will shake hands, for we have adopted the way of the white man in part and then

we shall shake hands with you. That is all."

Chief Flat Iron (of the Sioux). "God knows that we are going to make peace and he gave us a good day to meet. Look at me my friends, I am 70 years old, but this man (referring to Colonel W. F. Cody) is taking care of me; we are very glad that Mr. Cody made us acquainted with you and made us friends. God raised me and gave me this pipe (pointing to pipe) and gave me the Buffaloes, that is what I go by. There is a Chief Santee, who is a friend of mine, I would like to know how near we are to him. We made peace with that gentleman and he gave us a flag and a pipe,



THREE OF THE FAMOUS SIOUX CHIEFS.

so we got the flag and the pipe and we use the pipe when we have a meeting. (Colonel Cody. "Oh, he is away down on the Missouri river.") Whenever we return home we will have a meeting and our people will see the pipe and we will bring good news to them. You must live near here, or we would not see you. How far do you live from here?"

Chief Cloud: "Nine miles, some live fifty miles."

enough to take care of it, they give it to them, and from the proceeds of this they clothe themselves. The government does not give them anything direct, they have no food or clothes furnished them, they derive a portion of their living by the young men working, the same as the white men. They divide their reservation in tracts of eighty acres each, which is given to each one when he reaches the proper age. This reservation made a treaty with the United States,



PHOTOGRAPH BY S. W. BAILEY, ASHLAND, WIS.

THE PEACE JUBILEE BETWEEN THE SIOUX AND THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.

Flat Iron: "You all look well, you must have good homes."

Chief Cloud: "Yes."

Flat Iron: "My friend, I would like to ask you how you make your living, if the government furnishes you anything, if they gave you the land?"

Chief Cloud: "I will answer you. When the Indians ceded their lands to the Government, the Indian reservation, what they now call their reservation where they live, and on the reservation there is a large amount of land, and the chiefs give this to the young men. When they become of age, they divide it among them like a large wealth, and as fast as they become old

a treaty they have to go by. The United States has an agent here to look after them and to protect them."

Rocky Bear: "Did you ever get rations from the government?"

Chief Cloud: "No, no food or clothing. My people make their living by these lands; what they raise they trade with the white man, thus they gain a great deal, enough to support them, but as regards rations from the government, we do not get anything from the government. We have schools on our reservation to learn, they teach our children to understand and converse with the white man, this is a benefit which we derive from the treaty

our forefathers made, and something he reserves for himself. I am very glad, and so are all of my people, to have had the opportunity to meet you to-day, and we all feel very much indebted to our agent in arranging for this meeting and giving us the opportunity to meet you, as we are proud to tell you he takes good care of us, and looks after our interests, as good as we can expect. This is all I have



to say." (Here they shake hands with one another.)

It is a satisfaction to me to have been instrumental in bringing together some of the representative men, of the largest Indian tribes in the world, the Sioux and the Chippewa. They were life-long enemies. They met, after centuries of warfare, to make an everlasting

peace. This is the first meeting of the Ogallalla Sioux and Brule Sioux with their ancient enemies the great Chippewa tribe, since they met together in hostile

array. This council will live in history. It is one of the historical meetings that will find a place in the annals of our country. It is an epoch in American history. I am glad that it took place on the historic and ancient battle grounds of these two great tribes on the shores of Lake Superior.

I presented the head chief of the Chippewas a pipe, and pouch embroidered with beads filled with kinikinick, such as the Sioux smoke in their peace pipes. This pipe was presented to me at Pine Ridge agency, after the battle of Wounded Knee.

A glance at the picture taken immediately after the pipe of peace was smoked, presents an interesting study. It will be seen the Chippewas had more readily adopted the manners and dress of the whites than the sturdy Sioux. Many of them are prosperous, owning large tracts of pine lands, but in the intermingling with white blood, the pure In-

THE PACE SET BY THE "ROUGH RIDERS."

dian mannerisms and cast of countenance is lost. The "noble red man" is more perfectly preserved in the lithe and supple Sioux, the classic face and muscular, straight Sioux chiefs are the most perfect type of ideal Indian remaining, and they have been the last to be conquered and can boast of the greatest Indian warrior ever known in Sitting Bull, who as a Cæsar of his own tribe, was assassinated by one of his own people.

THE "ROUGH RIDERS" AND INDIANS UNITED.

The picturesque scout and "rough rider" is intimately associated with Indian fighting, and the blood and thunder fiction of some years ago, inaugurated by Fenimore Cooper, has in part lost its savor. The thousands of tourists who cross the continent, search in vain for the verities of the past. In the adobe hut, with his spurs and leather breeches, his sombrero and kerchief, the rough rider of the West now has control of the more civilized commercial pursuit of stock raising. But the free open life on the plains gives America a sturdy and unique type of soldiery, that once in battle never knows fear. They have the dash and spirit that will reflect glory to American arms. In taming the bucking broncho and withstanding the scorching sun of the plains and rugged mountain passes, living constantly in the saddle, they undergo a drill and discipline that equips them especially for the hardships of a tropical campaign. It is also a most gratifying aspect of the present war to find Indians ready to join the rough riders, and their white brothers in defence of the old flag. Truly we are a united country. I am one,

who although engaged to fight the Indians, have found that when once they are the friend of whites, the Indian is true and loyal to the last drop of blood. It is a curious change of the fortunes of war to find for the first time in the history of the country, not only the North and South thoroughly united in response to a call for volunteers, but the scouts and "rough riders" enlisting under the same flag with the Indian, some of whom until a recent day have been unreconcilable foes of our government and the whites.

The "Rough Riders" represent the two extremes of American life. The "seasoned" riders of the West are supplemented by aristocratic and healthy young men of leisure from the East, to whom the dash of life on the plains has an irresistible fascination. They want something to stir the blood, and although their life is usually not one that would be thought of particular preparation for the campaigns of a rough rider, their reserve strength is accessible to draw upon. It must not be forgotten that Colonel Roosevelt is one of them. He is a hero to those aristocratic aspirants as well as to the well-trying and popular favorite among the cowboys themselves. The real courage and grit of true American valor may be found in the white-skinned clerk or city chap as well as in the bronzed veteran of the plains. As in everything else the enthusiasm and spirit in the career counts for quite as much as mere physical prowess, and in this respect the "Rough Riders" possess not only enthusiasm themselves, but awaken it in the people, who will watch their movements in Cuba with admiration and interest.



THE BATTLE OF THE BREAD JARS

BY DILLON BRONSON

GENERAL GIDEON WITH GREAT ODDS AGAINST HIM WINS HIS MAIDEN BATTLE WITHOUT THE LOSS OF A MAN.

A COMPANY of French sceptics who had expressed great admiration for the story of Ruth as repeated by Benjamin Franklin were greatly surprised on being told that the matchless tale was in the Bible. So some readers of a high class periodical such as "The National" Magazine, may be startled when informed that in one of the early chapters of the Book of Judges is an account of a battle "of more thrilling interest than anything history tells of Arnold of Winkelried or Henry of Navarre." It was a victory more glorious even than Dewey's magnificent triumph over the Spanish fleet at Manila, for Gideon was outnumbered by the enemy 400 to 1, and yet without the loss of a man he so annihilated a great nation that history never mentions it again.

For years the Hebrews had been oppressed. "The times were out of joint." The proud race, chosen of Jehovah to be the medium of his progressive revelations to mankind, delivered from the bondage of Egypt, and perils of the wilderness, were under the heels of heathen tyrants. Instead of ruling the land best fitted to be a scene of revelation, the land which was the highway of the world's commerce, roughly encircled by Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Greece, Rome and Carthage, they were little more than slaves. Instead of enjoying the prosperity and glory for which they were intended, they were struggling for bare existence, living like hunted sheep in the caves and dens, and on the fortified hilltops. The enemy, more numerous than grasshoppers, swept annually through the valley with their long trains of asses and camels, and their black tents stretching as far as the eye could see. They devastated every fair plain, stole every beast and stripped every man on whom they could lay their hands, driving the terror-stricken peasants back to the stone cor-

ralis to carry to their famishing children only a communion of wretchedness. Such trouble finally made the oppressed people think of a Higher Power. When prosperous they thought only of self and did evil continually; but now the husks bring the Prodigal to himself; and Jehovah, infinite in patience, hears their miserable, selfish cry, and sends an angel to the one man with anything of the angelic in him, with a message of cheer and a command to deliver his people.

GIDEON IS SUMMONED TO WAR.

It is a quiet sultry day. The stillness is broken only by the chirp of crickets and the dull thud of a flail. Gideon, noblest of his time, a giant bound, is secretly threshing out a little wheat on his knees in yonder cave. He is of the best Hebrew blood. He believes in the separateness of his race, in the survival of the fittest in religion. He loathes the idolatry of his father's house; the compromise with heathenism, which makes Jehovah only one of the nation's gods and recognizes Baal worship with its cruel human sacrifices, and Asherah, a consecrated licentiousness giving an awful meaning to that strange expression, "whoring after other Gods." He ponders the dreadful degeneracy of his times, the utter lack of pure ideals and morals. As he muses his heart is hot within him; the fire burns and he wishes every head of wheat was the head of a Midianite. He yearns not for revenge, nor for wealth or fame, but for his nation's deliverance. He is a patriot and yet so modest that when the angel comes to him at his daily toil, as angels always do, and accosts him with that unexpected salutation, "Hail, thou mighty man of valor, the Lord is with thee," it seems like hollow mockery. His trembling answer is "O, sir, if the Lord be with us, why then hath all

this befallen us?" And when the angel steps to his side and with regal look, says, "Go in thy might, thou shalt save Israel," he timidly replies, "O, sir, how shall I deliver Israel, I am the poorest man in the poorest tribe." No wonder that he doubted at first, for doubting is no sin, and fit men are never forward. No wonder that he required a sign and took the first step

enemy fills all the valley yonder, 135,000 armed, prepared, confident. Gideon has one-quarter as many, timid, half-starved, poorly-armed, ill-disciplined; ready to retreat, indeed accustomed to nothing else. For a moment the brave chief's faith weakens; he invents a test and by the experiment of the fleece assures himself again that Jehovah is with him. God knows the man.



FROM DRAWING BY JULIUS SCHNORE VON CARLSFELD.

COPYRIGHT BY ARTHUR ROLT.

"THE ANGEL OF THE LORD PUT FORTH THE END OF THE STAFF THAT WAS IN HIS HAND."

of obedience in the night, when men often start right and do their first works meet for repentance.

PREPARING FOR THE BATTLE.

When he has completed this preparatory work by overthrowing the idol altar, he builds one for Jehovah in its place. For he well understands that the mere iconoclast is no friend to progress, that any fool can tear down and destroy. And next he assembles the people for review. The

He knows that underneath his doubt is sublime courage, needing to be wooed to the surface; he knows that the needle of his life is truly magnetized, and though it waver a little while, will settle straight toward the north pole of patriotism. He accommodates himself to Gideon's weakness, and so responds to his repeated demands for a sign that the hero's doubts are all removed, and his army gathered at the spring of trembling.

Thirty-two thousand against 135,000;



FROM DRAWING BY JULIUS SCHNORR VON CAROLSFELD.

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"THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD CAME UPON GIDEON, AND HE BLEW A TRUMPET."

"too few" we would have said. "Postpone the attack; 'issue a call for more troops.' We are Arithmeticians; we think victory must be on the side of the biggest battalions; we forget that right is always might; that the secret of success is not quantity, but quality, and that as Lincoln used to say we do not need to count heads if we are on God's side. 'Too many,' says Gideon's Commander in Chief. 'Let the cowards go home.' 'Cowards?' 'Who says there are any cowards here?' Yesterday they were as brave as congressional jingoes who live at a safe distance from the seashore; as eager for the fight as any newspaper expecting to make \$1,000 a day out of it. Now that the battle is ready to be joined, and they can already see the tents of the Midianites, one thinks how cruel it is to leave his family. He remembers 'his duty' to his old mother, heartbroken wife, and children. He makes

up his mind that as soon as a break is made he will step out. Another thinks of a little patch of grain he has been hiding from the enemy. 'It must be harvested, for flour is very dear just now.' Another is reminded of his feeble health; 'he coughed considerably last night.' 'He was never very rugged, and now not having enjoyed a square meal for a month he feels sure that he hasn't vitality enough to make a soldier.'

DESERTING FROM GIDEON'S CAMP.

During the night they begin to slip away. The break becomes contagious; 22,000 avail themselves of the opportunity to shirk responsibility. And only one-third of Gideon's little army is with him when the day dawns. 'Too many yet,' says Jehovah, speaking with the voice of inward conviction to General Gideon. 'Make another division.' 'Lead the thirsty men through yonder stream.' 'Every one who drops on

all fours, glues his lips to the water and gulps it down with no thought of surprise from the enemy shall be rejected.' 'Every one who, without breaking ranks, catches up water as he passes, merely appeasing his thirst and keeping his eyes open for the enemy, though never dreaming of his being tested, shall be chosen.' And when Gideon halts on the other side of the stream, only 300 stand around him. One-tenth of his original army, which seemed quite too small at the beginning. But he is assured by the few Israel shall be saved, and all the rest are commanded to go every one to his own place."

And now the memorable night draws near. There is no moon and the sky is overcast. The shrewd commander, to occupy the time until midnight and to reassure himself creeps down to the enemy's camp, under cover of the darkness, where he learns their temper and feeling. One of the Midianites relates a dream

to his fellow, in which he saw a cake smiting a tent and overturning it. The other says this means Gideon who shall overwhelm them. The dream indicates what they have been thinking of by day. They regard the Hebrews as an insignificant race, to be likened to a poor barley cake, but they have lately heard that they have returned to Jehovah and renounced idolatry, and that a great general with a passion for purity has arisen. They know right well what glorious victories Jehovah gave his people in other days, and they are no longer sure of victory for themselves, nor united.

Gideon needs no further encouragement. His last doubt is dissipated. The victory is already won in his soul. On his return to his chosen band, he divides them into three companies of 100 each and instructs every man to carry his bread jar with a lighted torch concealed therein in



FROM DRAWING BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

"THE SWORD OF THE LORD, AND OF GIDEON!"

one hand, and a ram's horn in the other, and to be ready to shout with all his might.

THE STRATEGIC MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

Then, just after midnight, when the great army is asleep they approach from different quarters. The three companies take their cue from their leader and all at once blow a terrific blast on their rams' horns, break the bread jars with an awful crash, and flourishing their torches, shout the "Sword of the Lord and Gideon."

"Treachery" is the cry of the Midianitish camp. We are betrayed, think the 135,000 as they roll out of their blankets. The 300 glaring torches seen on all sides, the echoing blasts and the great shout make the 300 Hebrews seem like 3,000,000. They only need to stand still. Fear and suspicion do the rest. The enemy is in a panic, and as they flee, they trample on and slaughter one another, and the Israelitish pursuers, joined now everywhere by those who yesterday were afraid, continue the chase until they have taken the Princes, wiped out the mighty army, and expelled the corrupt inhabitants of the land as completely as Spain has been driven from the Western Hemisphere. The noble general, leader of what seemed a forlorn hope, despised and threatened with death by his neighbors a few days ago, is now hailed as

the nation's savior and asked to be the nation's king. He has not fought for power and possession, but rather to deliver the oppressed, and break the yoke of bondage. His answer worthy of a faithful vassal of the King of Kings is, "I shall not rule over you, nor my son, but the Lord shall rule over you."

PEACE IS DECLARED AT LAST.

He is tired of war and says like the great victor of Appomatox, "Let us have peace." Strange it is that such a man, used as a hammer by the Almighty to overthrow tyranny, to give the land law and order and hasten the fulfillment of the promise made to Abraham, strange it is that such a man should turn out a polygamist and make a golden ephod to become a snare to himself and his father's house. But deep are the mysteries of the human heart, "the only fountain that sends forth at the same time water both sweet and bitter." The same man is both great and small. He overturns the altar of Baal and sets up a little idol of his own. He must always be judged by the sum-total of his character and not by any single deed.

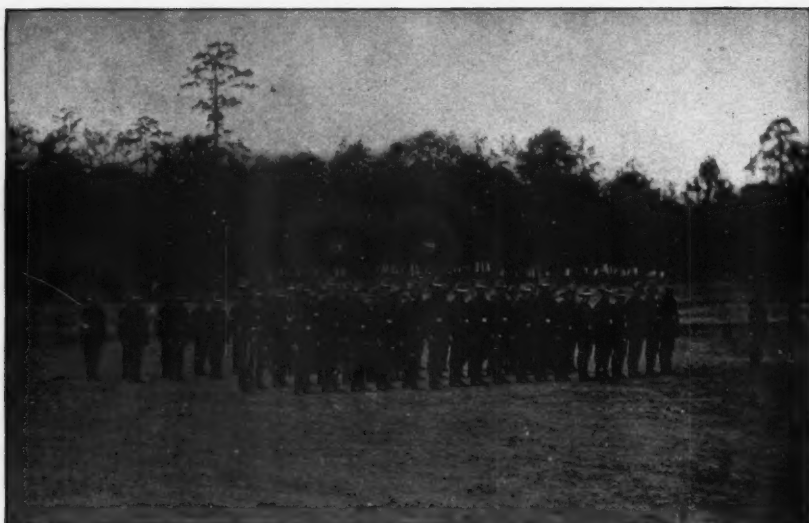
The old Book never glosses over a failing of a hero. It knows what is in man. In the Book every one finds his own biography.

WHERE VIRTUE BIDES

The lowliest cottage beside the road,
Its inmates burdened with many a load
Of poverty, toil, and pain,
May shelter as much of love and light,
Of noble thought, of truth and right,
As a man could hope to gain.

The costliest palace, 'mid gardens fair,
With statues, and fountains and all things
rare,
Beautiful, stately, and grand,
May be as barren of all true parts,
Of faithful souls, and of loving hearts,
As a strip of desert sand.

David Milton Riley



THE "GUARD MOUNT" OF A COMPANY AT CAMP.

A DAY AT CHICKAMAUGA

REVEILLE TO TAPS

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

PICTURE to yourself a tract of woodland and field ten miles square, bounded on one side by the slopes of a steep ridge, and on the other by a narrow river; its surface broken throughout its length and breadth by low hills with broad valleys between; its flora the exuberant upgrowth of the Middle South, where oak, hickory, pine and cedar thrive side by side; and over all the soft Southern sky, cloud-flecked and purple-hued. This is Chickamauga. The stream is the Cherokee's "River of Death"; the bounding height of land is Missionary Ridge.

In all the broad domain screamed over by the American eagle no area of like acreage has been the scene of so many and such lightning-like transformations. From quiet country-side to the arena of a desperate conflict; from battlefield back to

rural stagnation for a third of a century; from country-side again to military park; and now from park to camp; these changes have been rung in like the spectacular in a drama, with such sudden scene-shiftings as no mere mechanical stage appliances could compass.

One day at the farther end of the century-third, General Bragg marched out of Chattanooga and halted on the southern bank of the stream. A week later the quiet valley, of which no one outside of its immediate vicinity had ever heard, became a bloody battlefield with a name to live while history speaks. One other day, many years afterward, the Park Commission was formed, and almost as suddenly a new transformation was wrought, and a great military park, with gravelled drives and walks, stately groves and grassy fields,

and miles on end of costly monuments and markers, came into being as if by magic. The "oldest inhabitant" fanned himself through this second upheaval as best he might, but no sooner had he settled himself comfortably on the stoop of the single store at the little park station of Lytle to talk it over with the next oldest inhabitant, than the tidal wave of change swept in again and the stately park became a bustling camp—a teeming city of fifty thousand souls. I think the oldest inhabitant gasped and died, at that. At all events, he has not been seen since.

This final change, like the first, came upon Chickamauga with phantasmagoric swiftness. One morning in May the last of the regulars left and the big reservation was deserted. The next day the first regiments of volunteers began to arrive, and bustling activity and strenuous energy took possession. The gravelled roads speedily disappeared under thick overlayings of hoof-trampled dust; the open spaces were channelled with ruts marking the short-cuts of many-wheeled wagon-trains; a widely scattered city of tents grew up in a night; and the sleepy little village, with its

dove-cote railway station and single store, burgeoned into a teeming, striving, populous "boom-town" in a double sweep of the clock hands.

Debarking from the train of the single-track road which is the only railway connection between Chattanooga and the great camp, the visitor finds himself in the trampling turmoil of "Faketown," as the boys have dubbed the aggregation of shanties and rude shelters comprising the town of Lytle. Fighting his way out of the crush of hurrying men, shying horses, tangled vehicles, piled-up army stores and shouting vendors, he wins to the top of the low hill beyond "Bloody Pond" and looks back upon the maelstrom which he has just escaped. There are no familiar features in the scene. The sleepy little hamlet has disappeared, and its place has been usurped by a busy railway yard with many tracks, the temporary town, the long lines of one-storied warehouses, huge corrals for stock, and heaped-up mountains of supplies for which there is yet no room in the warehouses.

Beyond the hill all is peace and quietness. The rolling reaches of the park



CAVALRYMEN LIMBERING UP.



THE CAMP OF ONE OF THE VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS.

stretch away in gentle undulations, and but for an occasional wagon-train, or a handful of the men going or coming, there is no hint of the city of fifty thousand. It is a long half-mile over the dusty road from the station to the nearest camp in the rear of the historic Dyer House, and from that to the next it is other half-miles. The park is so vast that the forty-odd camps of the gathering host are practically isolated. Whereby the unsanitary conditions which would be consequent

upon overcrowding are avoided, and the great tract becomes an ideal spot for the rendezvous of the volunteer army.

But this promised to be the history of a day spent in the camp, and that must begin with the first call of the buglers at 4:50 A. M. It is a beastly hour to turn out. The sky is just fairly reddening in the east, and the night mists still hang reluctant in the chill air.

One pulls the blanket a little higher and closes his eyes with the comforting thought that reveille and assembly are still ten minutes to the good, when—Tara-t'-t-ta, tara-t'-t-ta! ("I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up this morn-ing," as the soldier vocalizes it). It is the bugle again, sounding the reveille, and the men tumble out and line up for roll-call. The discipline of the regular army is not yet fairly upon its feet in the volunteer camp, and the fellow who

snuggled down for three additional winks must needs turn out with his blanket for a uniform, shouting his "Here!" over the friendly shoulder of some better-clad comrade.

Mess-call is at 5:30 with "stables" in between for the cavalry; and, after the breakfast of hardtack and bacon which has thus far been the staple ration of the volunteers, the "sick-call" sounds for those who need to report to the surgeon.

The morning drill begins at seven o'clock, and for two hours and a half the men are kept steadily at work. Here the great need of the camp of



"THE MIDWAY."

mobilization becomes most apparent. The vast majority of the volunteers know the manual of arms and company drill, and are on speaking terms with battalion and regimental drill; but the best trained among the militiamen know little or nothing of brigade evolutions and manœuvres by divisions, and their practice even in company drill has been had for the most part on armory floors and in paved streets.

Here in the park the conditions are more like what they will be in actual warfare. Rough ground, up hill and down, charging at a double in close or open order in thick woods, deploying, advancing by rushes; all these evolutions and many more, in large bodies, with the word of command given by bugle-calls, are what the men have to learn. And in the cavalry the work is still harder. There are green horses to break to saddle and rider,—and sometimes green riders to break to the horses,—and a sabre drill to be perfected with a weapon which easily becomes equicidal, not to say suicidal, in weary hands, and revolver and carbine practice to be learned, and evolutions to be executed at a keen gallop over ground where a cowboy-and-bronco combination might come to grief and take no shame therefor.

One looks on, sweating in sheer sympathy at the strenuous toil of it all, and catching his breath when some luckless rider goes down. But the heartening American resilience of it comes to the rescue when the thrown one leaps to



THE WAREHOUSE AND QUARTERMASTER'S WAGONS.

his feet and his saddle, apparently unhurt and indisputably undismayed, and gallops off to take his place in the charging squadron. We are an alertly teachable people. The art of war is the merest theory with the most of us, but here in this great camp a mighty army will be weaponed, equipped and trained in less time than it would require to put the disciplined forces of a European nation on a war footing. And the beauty of it is this: When it is done, our fighting machine, gotten together out of the unspent, vigorous raw material, has the inestimable advantage of carrying its own motive power within it—an *esprit du corps* which renders it invincible. The German soldier fights doggedly at the



THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

king's command; the American because he believes it to be his individual duty.

A word about this same enthusiasm while the morning drill is going on. In all my talkings with the volunteers I have yet to find the man who is not eager to get to the fighting line. They all understand that any move south at the present season will be an exchange for the worse so far as creature comforts are concerned. They know that Chickamauga is an ideal camp, and that the Gulf Coast and the islands have little of good to offer in summer time. But rank and file are anxious to be about their business, which is to bring a certain misguided nation to its senses in the shortest possible order.

The morning drill ends at 9:30, and fifteen minutes later the bugle sounds the call for detail duty, fatigue, police, sentry, "stables,"—in the cavalry,—and water. Until quite recently the "water detail" has been no sinecure. Numberless as are the wells and springs in the park, they have been wholly inadequate to the needs of a great camp; and the boys in the water detail have had to forage far and wide for supplies. At a farm-house where we went one morning the woman met us at the door.

"Landy gracious! You-all some mo' of them air water-boys? Of cou'se ye could, ef they *was*—but they *ain't*. They's thess ben a crowd yere, an' they-all done dreen th' well flap slap drap dry—they did, for shore!"

In the camps nearest the river the men have been using the water of the stream, boiling it as a precaution sanitary; but this and other makeshifts are at an end now, since an abundant water supply is furnished by pipe-lines connecting Crawfish Spring with the thirst in the big camp. The constructing of these pipe-lines affords a good example of American "hustle." Sunday night the material was in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, not yet loaded on the cars. On the Friday following, the water of the great spring (it is really an underground river) was turned on through the miles of pipe, and the thing was a feat accomplished.

One of the detail duties which scatters joy abroad is that which brings the camp

mail from the post-office at Lytle. Like everything else at this meeting-point of modern miracles, the handling of the vast mail of the fifty thousand has been a veritable marvel. At the beginning of one week in the middle of May the post-office at Lytle was an appendix of the country store, and the village idlers lounged at the counter while the postmaster "called" the mail. At the week-end the miracle is in full swing. Two full-sized postal cars stand on a side-track, and a small army of trained clerks handle a mail equal to that of a city of the third class. In a single day 114,000 letters were received and distributed, and these in addition to a package mail which could only be measured by sacksful.

In this connection let it be said that the camp post-office is "Lytle, Georgia," and not "Chickamauga," as many of the incoming letters are addressed. Give your correspondent's name, company, regiment, and post-office, thus:

<p>JOHN JONES, FIFTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY, LYTLE, GEORGIA. COMPANY "A."</p>
--

and don't write the word "Chickamauga" anywhere on the envelope, because there are two post-offices of that name, one in Tennessee and another in Georgia, and neither of them is within shouting distance of the great camp in the park.

Another of the detail duties of the morning interregnum makes for health. Each camp is carefully and thoroughly policed, and all debris and barbage burned. Each mess is required to do this for the space around its own tent, and the duty of the police detail is to see that it is done.

Day sentry duty is largely nominal, but it serves to keep the crowds of visitors and hucksters from invading the camps promiscuously. Each square of tents has its main "street," and an intruder approaching from either side is promptly halted by the sentry and sent around to the proper ingress. Once inside, you may state your business to any non-commissioned officer and it will be expedited—as will your leave-taking if you have no business.

The noon mess-call sounds at 11:45; and at one o'clock the daily session of the school for non-commissioned officers begins. Three-thirty is the hour for afternoon drill, and the hard work of the morning is taken up again for an hour and a half. Mess-call for supper is at 5:15, and the men gather around the mess-tables and quote Shakespeare: "Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," feeling the need of a strong sentiment as a sauce for the Spartan ration.

Dress parade follows quickly upon the heels of supper; and at sunset the men are in line and from far and near the bugles sound the "Retreat." It is the most impressive scene in the entire round of the daily routine, and the dramatic thrill of it lingers with one long after the men break ranks, and the detail has been told off to mount guard. From retreat to nine o'clock the men are off duty. At nine, sharp, tattoo sounds, and at 9:15, taps; after which all save the sentries are "officially" asleep.

The day is done. From the silent square of white tents on the hillside the distance-minished cough of a locomotive in the yard at Lytle drums the under-roll to the shrilling of the tree-toads. The moon rides high in the inverted bowl of the heavens, flooding the peaceful landscape with a splendor of silvery radiance. The blue-black shadows of the pines and cedars grow shorter, and the tented squares dotting the vast park stand out clear and distinct in the vistas. It is the same moon that once looked down upon a field drenched with the hot blood of fratricidal conflict, but to-night there is healing in its beams. For these are the tents of the sons of those who strove one with another on the hard-fought field of Chickamauga; and Vermont and Tennessee, and New York and Mississippi, sleep side by side upon the grassy hillsides, foemen no longer but brothers always, awaiting the bugle-call which shall summon them to battle shoulder to shoulder for their common motherland under the stars and stripes of "Old Glory."



ARTILLERY PRACTICE.



JULIA WARD HOWE.
Author of The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

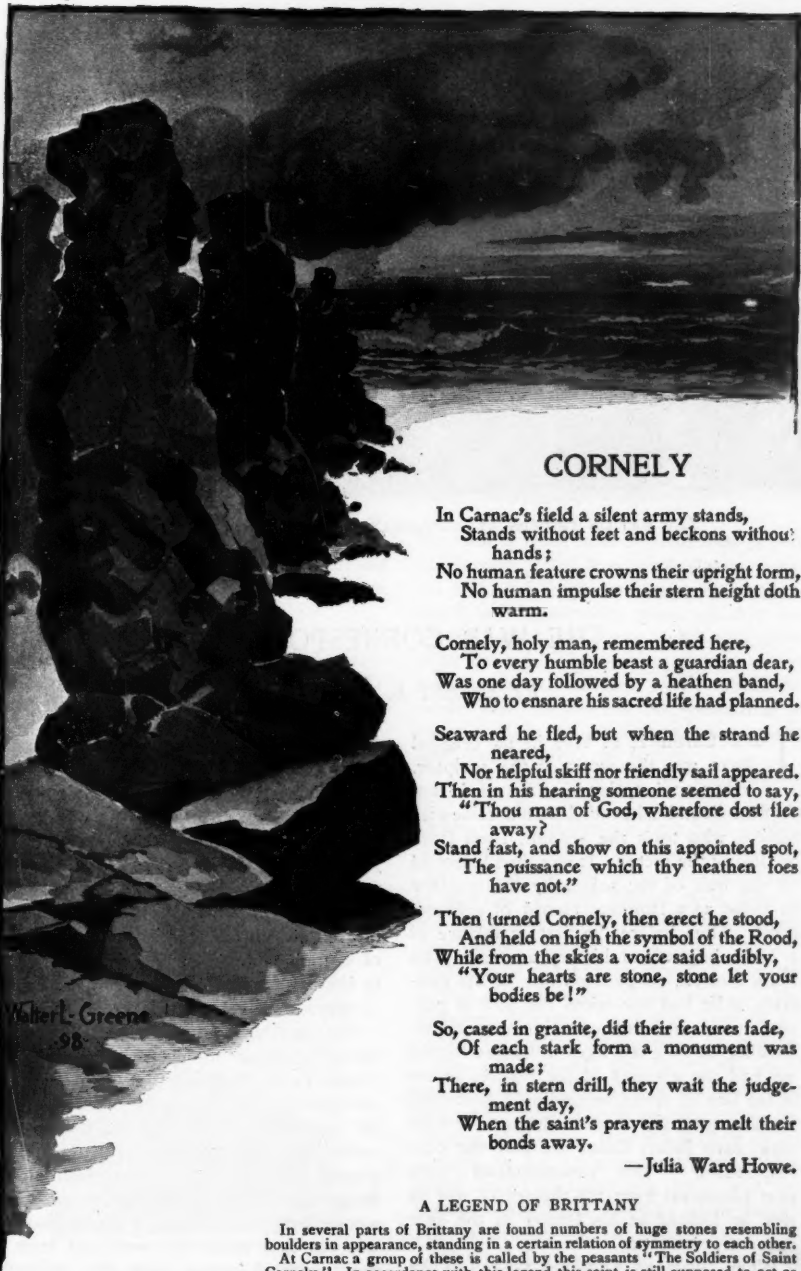
THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

[FIRST VERSE.]

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his
terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

[LAST VERSE.]

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on!



Walter L. Greene

98

CORNELY

In Carnac's field a silent army stands,
Stands without feet and beckons without
hands;
No human feature crowns their upright form,
No human impulse their stern height doth
warm.

Cornely, holy man, remembered here,
To every humble beast a guardian dear,
Was one day followed by a heathen band,
Who to ensnare his sacred life had planned.

Seaward he fled, but when the strand he
neared,
Nor helpful skiff nor friendly sail appeared.
Then in his hearing someone seemed to say,
"Thou man of God, wherefore dost flee
away?
Stand fast, and show on this appointed spot,
The puissance which thy heathen foes
have not."

Then turned Cornely, then erect he stood,
And held on high the symbol of the Rood,
While from the skies a voice said audibly,
"Your hearts are stone, stone let your
bodies be!"

So, cased in granite, did their features fade,
Of each stark form a monument was
made;

There, in stern drill, they wait the judge-
ment day,
When the saint's prayers may melt their
bonds away.

—Julia Ward Howe.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY

In several parts of Brittany are found numbers of huge stones resembling boulders in appearance, standing in a certain relation of symmetry to each other. At Carnac a group of these is called by the peasants "The Soldiers of Saint Cornely." In accordance with this legend this saint is still supposed to act as the guardian of all horned cattle.—Julia Ward Howe.



"THE NATION CROWDS BREATHLESSLY ABOUT THE BULLETIN BOARDS."

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT

BY ELBERT B. HASTINGS

THE Chronicle of War in its original form was the work of the sculptor.

When an Assyrian king returned from the field of conflict he called for his scribe with tablets, who took the account fresh from the lips of the victor. It was then blazoned on the wall of the palace by the sculptor to stand as a supreme record of achievement. Thus before the first semblance of a book began was history written. The King himself, or perhaps one of his generals, if he had not taken the field in person, was the first war correspondent. Coming down a few ages in human record we find the greatest of the Roman rulers in the line of direct succession. Archibald Forbes, speaking from a stricter point of view, calls Julius Cæsar the first war correspondent. "His commentaries were sent piecemeal from the theatre of war as well as indited at his leisure in the subsequent peace-time."

When Gustavus Adolphus ranged as the war god over half Europe, the *Swedish*

Intelligencer, published indeed tardily compared with our news of to-day, but nevertheless "fresh from the scene of action"—might lay claim to the distinction of genuine war correspondence. From Julius Cæsar to Gustavus Adolphus there was only the chronicler and the bard. With the Elizabethans began the dawn of the age of written words—that replication of the phenomena of human intelligence in literary form which is still progressing by leaps in our own time.

The apotheosis of modern journalism (which is one of these leaps) may with some justice be regarded as the art of the war correspondent. For such a position did the gathering of news in the field attain under the brilliant band of men who appeared like meteors in the journalistic firmament about a generation ago and whose leader, William Howard Russell, was the first man who went out from a great journal armed with the authority that made him an equal with the members

of the headquarters staff of a great army. The influence that enabled a great newspaper to send out a member of its force under the direct ægis of the government, armed with full authorization from the Minister Of War, was nothing but the force of the growth of the greatest journal of modern times. The *London Times* was able to create the war correspondent with his unheard of privileges (the greatest yet accorded to modern journalism) because it had created *itself*, the greatest single public force of its time. And for a quarter of a century the war correspondent reveled in a license that was bounded only by his own capabilities of achievement. The men who have left a name in the calling:—we speak of it in the past tense, for its golden age ended among Englishmen who have made much of its history up to date, with the instructions to the press of the English War Office in 1880—live on the pages of history to-day, far more picturesque, and in several instances not less important characters, than the great generals whom they followed.

The leading and inseparable sentiment that clings to the names of J. A. MacGahan, of Archibald Forbes, of Frank D. Millet, John P. Jackson, Grant of the *New York Times*, in the Russo-Turkish campaign; Frederick Villers, Edmund O'Don-



By Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

FREDERICK REMINGTON.

ovan and a small host of other men is that of heroism. Not from their letters, written amid the smoke and blare of conflict, but from the memoirs prepared after the smoke has cleared away is the real story to be learned. There is no personal tale of a war correspondent that does not hold the reader like a romance. As fascinating as the tale of the war itself is the tale of the war correspondent *in persona*.

In the sense in which we speak of "a man among men," the correspondent among correspondents is Archibald Forbes, the young Scotch cavalryman who used to "buy drinks" for the heroes of the Crimea in barracks, as they related their tales of old wars, and who, fired by their stories and finding himself in London on the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, accepted the obscure commission of the *Morning Advertiser*, and with \$100 in his pocket for outfit and expenses he started.

The achievements, the career, the glory and the rights of the war correspondent as he evolved himself from the auspicious beginning of William Howard Russell in the Crimea, to his crowning entry with Skobelev into Constantinople, have been the theme of Archibald Forbes's whole career. His inspiration for the calling (and it is doubtful if there was ever a more genuine afflatus of any kind), his love for the



By Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

brotherhood who have shared its dangers and rewards, sticks out in every line of his writings since his retirement, which is practically since the period of his own last achievements.

There is no character of men in whose breast stirs a drop of the blood of adventure, who will not read for generations to come every word that Forbes has gathered together of his experiences and those of his mates, on many a hard-fought field. His monograph on Skobelev makes of that brilliant and practical madcap a real hero. He has given us side lights on current history in a style that is only rivaled by the masters of fiction. All the glory, all the chivalry of war live in detail in his writings. It is questionable if there is in all literature as brilliant and perfect a monograph with war as the scenario and background as his "Skobelev."

Not less brilliant in a literary sense was MacGahan, to whom his brethren have united in awarding the palm as the greatest of them all. He deserves this distinction for having been more than any other one man the direct cause of the crossing of the Danube by the Russian forces in the spring of 1877. His accounts of the Bulgarian atrocities contributed to the *London Times* stirred all Europe to the core, completely turned the tide of British opposition to Russian intervention, and led to the emancipation of Bulgaria. Here was honor enough for one humble journalist, but MacGahan had already made his name imperishable on the roster of newspaper war correspondents by his exploits in the Khivan campaign of 1873.

The crown of his career was his work for the *Times* during



BY PERMISSION OF THE CRITIC.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

the whole of the campaign of '77 and '78, and his death occurred from an epidemic fever just as the treaty of San Stephano was being signed. There are monuments to MacGahan in two widely separated spots on this earth; one in the little town in Ohio where he was born, and the other in the capital of Bulgaria, of which he is one of the national heroes.



By Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

To our own Frank D. Millet's service for the *Herald* during the same war Archibald Forbes bears this testimony: "Nothing in the whole range of war correspondence is more brilliant as literature, or more instructive in a professional sense than Millet's correspondence during this period; and so thorough was his organization for the transmission of letters that Gourko

was glad to send his despatches and the Russian officers their private correspondence by Millet's courier-service."

Of the four correspondents who finally entered Constantinople with the Russians, three—Millet, MacGahan and Grant of the *New York Times*, were Americans. Frederick Villers, the Englishman as well known as war artist as correspondent, and equally brilliant in either capacity, began his career

those of the men in uniform long after the smoke has cleared away.

The arrangements made by the great journals of the United States for reporting the approaching conflict are on a scale unparalleled in the history of war journalism. It is a moderate estimate that these have already expended a million dollars on a struggle that is not yet begun in serious earnest. As to great things done, the feat



THE SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENTS OF THE NEW YORK WORLD.

with the Turks in the same short and bloody conflict. He has since distinguished himself in the service of the *Graphic* wherever the English army has fought—in Afghanistan, in Egypt, the Sudan, Servia and in Burmah.

The eyes of the nations of the world are now turned toward our own half of this hemisphere, and out of the smoke of the conflict on land and sea, will emerge a few battered, begrimed, probably wounded men whose names will live as heroes alongside

of the *New York World* in getting through the first account of the victory at Manila from its own correspondent, Edward Harden, stands out prominently. For news from the Philippines the *World* paid, in less than two weeks after the battle of Manila was fought, a sum exceeding ten thousand dollars in cable tolls. This great journal, the *New York Herald*, and the *New York Journal*, have particularly distinguished themselves on several occasions in getting important news to the Key West squad-



ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ron through their fleet of vigilant despatch-boats.

It goes without saying that in this period of intense rivalry in journalism these "scoops on Uncle Sam" have been duly heralded in their own columns.

Nor are European centres behindhand. The *London Times* has sent a veteran of Egyptian campaigns in the person of Mr. C. E. Akers, who is now at Tampa awaiting the army of invasion. Most towering and picturesque (he is six feet two inches in height) among our own correspondents, is the figure of Richard Harding Davis (also at Tampa), who, with his cosmopolitan experience and brilliant literary gifts, focuses the eyes of a nation of newspaper readers. Caspar Whitney, chief of staff for *Harper's Weekly*, who has probably dared more in the field of pure adventure than any man now living, will undoubtedly win new laurels in a new field. Sylvester Scovel of the *New York World* is already a brilliant name. Grover Flint whose account of four months' campaigning with the insurgent forces is even now a classic of war literature, is on the ground.

A wise censorship has been established at Tampa, and the men who go out with

the troops to Cuba when the word is given, will have better credentials than a mere love of adventure. They will have the memory of the great names of Charles A. Dana and of Whitelaw Reid, as a stimulus to brilliant endeavor from our last war. And the deeds of the men who are passed, whose careers I have briefly glanced at, will beckon them on in a struggle as dangerous, at all times more strenuous, than that of the soldier. That the best literature of the war when it is over, will be the work of the men who have been detailed to report it, the few names I have culled is sufficient earnest. So far as the pictorial side is concerned no previous contest in the history of the world can for one moment lay comparison. The Harper's, who did the great illustrative work of the war of the Rebellion, are first in the field with Fred-eric Remington, R. F. Zogbaum, Carlton T. Chapman, T. De Thulstrup and W. A. Rogers, artists of national renown.

An important page in the history of modern warfare is being contributed by these men and their coadjutors of the pen, as the army of invasion is undergoing the acclimatization which a wise government sees imperative at Tampa. It is certain that no such pictures as Remington, Zogbaum, Thulstrup and Chapman have already contributed to *Harper's Weekly*, to say nothing



By Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

R. F. ZOGBAUM.

of the splendid supplementary work of the camera, have ever graced the rubric of war. The press of the world is represented at Tampa, and it will go unmuzzled, when the word comes for the troops to advance, and uncensored, save as to honest credentials for service.

And the war correspondent will have an audience of a size and character never before known in the history of civilization.

The nation that will hang breathless on his words, that will crowd around the bulletin-boards as the record of his achievements is transferred from the wires, is the newest, the strongest, the readiest to receive impressions in the history of all time. The wonderful growth of general intelligence for which the American nation stands, finds its most immediate expression in the manner in which the people receive and apprehend the tidings of the present conflict.

No spectacle at a theatre, no exhibition of any character known to civilization, seems to so quickly mold a mass of men and women gathered from all parts of a community, as do the few words and brief, that tell of the position of our ships, the attitude of the enemy, and the approach of the conflict. To the current observer these crowds are the main fact of city life. They have changed the face of our leading thoroughfares. They stop the traffic in the streets where the great news-gathering organs are located. It is entirely within the bounds of fact that there are more nationalities represented among them than were ever before gathered together under one standard. Rome in the days of her rapid uprising under Romulus and Numa saw no such gathering of the peoples of the earth. We have to retire to fable to find its counterpart—the building of Babel.

And through all these diversified elements and tongues runs like an electric spark as the news is recorded on the board, the sentiment of the moment. I have seen this sentiment change like the hues of a sunrise, half a dozen times in half an hour.

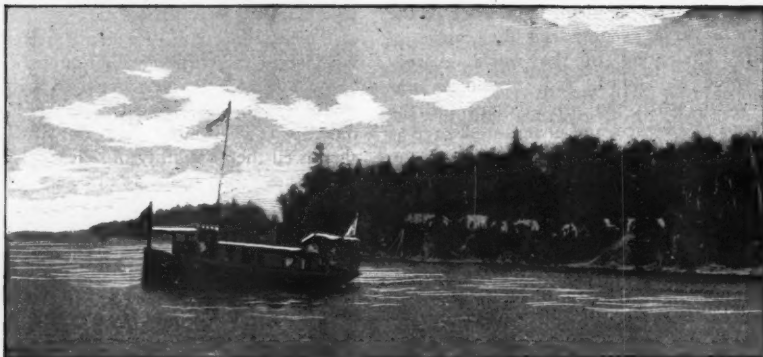
I have seen a great crowd surging in front of the bulletin-board of a great metropolitan daily, and singing continuously the "Star Spangled Banner," melt to sadness, the notes almost dying away, as news that the Spanish Admiral had outwitted us shadowed the possibility of defeat. I have heard the grand chorus swell to a glad dia-



GROVER FLINT.

Author of "Marching with Gomez."

pason a few minutes later as the steadfast message of our own Admiral Sampson was flashed out. I have seen thousands hang breathless on the mimic representation of a naval combat displayed on the front of the N. Y. *Tribune* building that in times of peace would hardly have made a respectable bit of play for children. There is but one sentiment that thrills through the whole, that would gladden the great manes of the man who uttered it,—“Our country, now and forever, one and indivisible.”



A CAMP ON THE HISTORIC APOSTLE ISLANDS "BENEATH THE EVERGREEN BOUGH."

AMONG THE HISTORIC APOSTLE ISLANDS

BY SAM S. FIFIELD

THE general impression that all of the fascinating history of the early settlement of this country clusters along the Atlantic coast and gulf is a mistake. The early settlements of the French on the Great Lakes and among the famous Apostle Islands in Lake Superior furnish a most important chapter in history. The interest in these islands and the early settlements of Lake Superior is renewed in the semi-centennial celebration of the admission of Wisconsin as a state. There is also the fact that thousands of tourists visit these lakes every year and camp in the forests primeval, miles away from the haunts of civilization. It is here that one realizes the majesty of nature primeval—untouched. Our camp, on one of the Apostle Islands, nestling among towering pines was indeed a captivating and beautiful retreat.

Beneath the evergreen boughs the white tents glisten through the open spaces of a beautiful grove. The sun finds its way among the tree tops that cast a welcome shade where the hammocks are hung, while a gentle breeze, cooled by the waves of the sparkling bay, plays summer airs, that lull and soothe the happy campers to delightful dreams. A crib that juts out

into the clear waters at the base of the steep bank, affords a secure landing from which winds a rustic stairway leading to the tented village above. From a tall mast "Old Glory" floats gracefully, adding its bit of color above the green foliage of the camp ground, telling that patriotic hearts are there that beat with a love of country and its flag. It is a pretty picture, this camp in the wilderness, nestled on the shore of an island, one of a romantic and historic group, washed by the waves of the Lake Superior the "Great Northern Sea."

It was here amid these beautiful surroundings, that we spent a portion of our outing last season, and found much of interest, not only in the pleasures of the camp, but in the enjoyable trips of the yacht through the islands, several of which, aside from their scenic beauty, have their story, or have played a prominent part in the historical drama of the mystical past. While this country is comparatively new to modern civilization, its annals of voyage and discovery in the days of Frontenac and Champlain, are old and musty.

One beautiful, cloudless day, when the great lake was as calm as a mirror, and under the bright sunlight, looked like molten silver, the yacht sped its way

through the grand channels like a thing of life, bearing a happy party that thoroughly enjoyed the magnificent scenery, as island after island was brought to view.

We ran out the north channel that day, passing York and Bear islands on our right, and leaving Sand island light astern. Our first stop was at Devil island, which is the outside guardian to the north, where is located the finest lighthouse station on the lake.

Devil island is a curiosity and undoubtedly presents the most remarkable group of caverns, in their way, to be found on the continent. The island itself is a huge block of Potsdam sandstone, rising from forty to fifty feet above the water level, the whole covered with a dense evergreen forest. The northeast exposure resists the force of three hundred miles of sea, and during the centuries that have passed, the waves have honeycombed the solid walls into great chambers, which are supported

these caverns become seething cauldrons, and the rushing waves dash into them with almost resistless power. Often when the storms are at their height, the spray from the sea, beating against the rocks below, is thrown against the glass of the lighthouse lantern, forty feet above its base, while the roar of rushing waters is like deafening thunder, and the island itself is shaken to its very foundations.

The Indians in the early days declared it to be the home of Matchie-Manitou, the "Evil Spirit," whom Kitchi-Manitou, the "Great Spirit," had imprisoned there. Hence its name, Devil island.

From the lighthouse tower a grand view of nearly all the islands is obtained, while to the north the "Saw Tooth Range" of the Minnesota shore, fades away and sinks into the open sea. The great fleets which carry the commerce of this international waterway to the ocean, pass in review before this fine observatory. And what a



"NATURE'S PALACE IN THE WILDWOOD."

by magnificent arches, and hundreds of fantastically carved pillars. One can row into these caves several hundred feet, passing from one to another through wide corridors, substantially built in Nature's masquerade.

During the terrible storms that periodically sweep over the great chain of lakes,

wonderful fleet it is, of every class of vessel, from a palatial passenger steamer to the ugly pig-nosed whaleback, loaded with the exports of an inland empire, created during the present half of the century! Singly, in tows, in convoys of almost endless variety, steaming and under sail, they pass by, up and down the course in end-



THE VILLAGE OF LA POINTE ON MADELINE ISLAND WHERE FATHER MARQUETTE LANDED IN 1665, LA POINTE MISSION IN THE FOREGROUND.

less procession during the season of navigation. So close do they often come, that the glass brings up the faces of those who walk their decks, and one wonders who they are and from what port they sail.

When Johnathan Carver gave these islands their name, he thought there was but twelve, and so called them "The Apostles." The name was undoubtedly suggested, however, by the historical fact, that in 1665, the Jesuits established a mission on the shore of Chequamegon bay, which lies near by to the southwest. This was Father Allouez's "Mission of the Holy Ghost," where Father James Marquette, his successor, first learned through the Indians of the mighty Mississippi, by the discovery of which he immortalized his name. And thus they were named after "The Twelve," although they number twenty-two in all.

The Ojibewas, the powerful tribe that inhabited the shores of the great lake when the French traders and their voyageurs first penetrated its mysteries, had a tradition that gave the origin of these islands. It was one of hundreds of their fanciful legends told by the old chiefs to their children, by the light of the lodge fires:

It is claimed that "Winnebozho," the first man, had a quarrel with the "Water Spirit," who ruled the floods, in consequence of which the Spirit determined to drown him. He at once caused the waters to rise until they had covered the whole earth. "Winnebozho," however, was possessed of supernatural powers, and when

he saw the waters rise he went to a great pine tree, which ascending, he commanded to grow as fast as the rising flood. The "Water Spirit," finding that he could not reach him, caused the waters to slowly subside. After the twelfth sun, the waters stood still, and "Winnebozho" descended to the surface. As he did so an otter came swimming to him, seeking safety. "Winnebozho" lifted him up and after he had rested him in his arms, told him to dive down and bring him up some earth that he might create land. But the otter could not reach the bottom. Just as he had failed a mink came along and was sent down, but he, too, was unsuccessful. As he came up a muskrat appeared and "Winnebozho" took him up and, breathing in his nostrils, told him to go down and bring him earth or never come back. The rat swam swiftly down, and after a terrible struggle came up lifeless and on his back. "Winnebozho" picked him up and found in his claws some grains of sand. He brought the little animal to life and then taking the sand in his hand, he blew a strong breath upon it, scattering it over the surface of the water for a long distance, and immediately every grain began to grow and soon became islands. Thus they originated and one of them, Madeline, became the hunting ground of "Winnebozho." And because the muskrat saved "Winnebozho" it has ever since been the favorite animal of the Ojibewas.

From Devil island we sailed outside, passing Rice, Willey and North Twin and

rounding the east end of Hemlock, passed between it and Outer island, the second in size and farthest east. Here a light of the second order, the most powerful in use by the government on inland waters, serves as a guide to the ship channel as well as the beacon for vessels coming from the North Shore. It can be seen in good weather forty miles at sea.

South of Hemlock lies Presque Isle, third in area, and first in scenic beauty. The palisades that extend for several miles along the north and east face of the island are wonderfully attractive. Their high frowning walls of brownstone are broken into deep rifts and chasms and crowned with moss-seamed battlements, that the wear of centuries has shaped and fashioned, until they resemble the ruins of ancient castles. Here and there are great seams where the frost action has torn the rocks asunder, and in one place the ebb and flow of the sea has hollowed out a charming dell, surrounded by perpendicular walls from forty to fifty feet in height, its entrance guarded by a rocky sentinel, known as the "Sphinx," which it greatly resembles. The yacht enters it by a narrow passage, and once within, is perfectly hidden from the outside world. Here the water is as clear as crystal and very deep, and reflects the rocky caverns below, where often fish are to be seen swimming in and out of their hiding places. The yacht is tied up to a solid wall by passing a line through a natural ring, worn in a projecting ledge, as though made for the purpose by human hands. Overhead hang the limbs of great pine and hemlock trees, almost forming a roof, through which the



"TEMPLE GATE," SAND ISLAND.

sunlight steals down, casting shadows from nook to nook, that make the place seem like a grotto in fabled Fairyland.

Southwest, a and two miles away, is another charming island, on the east end of which has been developed a brownstone quarry. Near at hand on a high projecting ledge, is located a romantic summer home known as "Bark Cottage," from the fact that its walls are entirely covered with the bark of the white cedar,—the Indian's shingles. The island

is known as "Hermit" or "Wilson's" island, and has its tragedy:

One day, soon after the American Fur Company had settled at La Pointe, a stranger appeared at the post. He was a man of medium height, with a close and well knit frame; dark complexion, and iron gray hair, which thickly covered a well shaped head. He was silent but observant, quick and active in his movements, carrying the air of one who had seen much service. He remained a few days about the stockade and then, as suddenly as he came, disappeared. A month later, some strolling Indians reported that the stranger had built a cabin on one of the islands, and was making a clearing. From that day until his death he lived alone, except that he had his dogs and chickens. He gradually increased his clearing until it became quite a large garden, which he cultivated with great care. Twice a year he visited the post where he purchased his supplies, always paying for them in Mexican gold and silver. When his business was finished, without a word to his neighbors, he entered his boat and returned to his island home. His ways and mode of life began to attract attention

as the years passed by, and much speculation was indulged in as to who he was and from whence he came. Curiosity brought him visitors, but he peremptorily ordered them away, and when Indians, he came forth with his rifle and dogs, and on one occasion drove them to their boats by force. His having money caused much comment, and the sums reported to have been seen when he came to the post to make his purchases, increased as the story was retold, until he was possessed of fabulous wealth.

It was also said of him, that he was one of the brave band that had crossed the continent to the mouth of the Columbia river, where he had helped to build the American Fur Company's post, Astoria. Other stories connected him with crime, by which he had gained the wealth that supported him in his hermit life. As he grew old his visits to the settlements became less frequent and he seldom left his island, except to go to his net, a short distance from his cabin. He allowed a few persons to visit him occasionally at this time, and they supplied his wants, but he continued to live as before, without a companion or a friend.

One day an Indian came to La Pointe and said that the hermit was dead. Immediately a party was sent to the island, where they found him stretched out upon the rough puncheon floor of his cabin,

cold in death. He had evidently been murdered. Everything about the place had been overturned by his murderers in their mad search for his money, even the stone hearth of his fireplace had been removed.

Among his effects were found a number of books, both in French and English, indicating that he was a man of some accomplishments, but nothing was discovered identifying him. In a clock, overlooked by the assassins, was found a canvas bag, containing forty-four Mexican silver dollars and a few gold pieces, which the authorities used in defraying the expense of his burial, in the old cemetery at La Pointe. So from "Wilson, the Hermit," the island takes its name.

Passing Wilson we sailed down the west shore of Madeline, the largest and most important,—the "Queen of the Apostles." We landed at a pier that rests upon the ruins of Astor's old dock, built nearly a century ago.



"THE DEVIL'S PIANO," DEVIL ISLAND.

Madeline lies between the east and south channels, the two great roadsteads that give safe entrance to the important ports on the Wisconsin coast. The island is a succession of great land waves extending from southwest to northeast for twelve miles and averaging three miles in width. It is high and rolling, covered with a heavy forest growth,—a beautiful island, with a romantic history.

At the base of the island, on a level

plateau facing the west, is the village of La Pointe, the earliest settlement in the northwest. It long since became the camping ground of tourists and pleasure seekers, who delight in visiting the old ruins of historical interest, that still remain. They are but few, it is true, for fire has swept away the old American trading post and many of the ancient landmarks.

Here it was, according to Indian tradition, that the first lodgment of the Ojibewas was made, early in the sixteenth century. They were then fugitives, fleeing before the fierce Iroquois, who had driven them from their ancestral home on the lower St. Lawrence. It is said that when the remnant of the tribe reached the island, weak and almost exhausted, they lighted the council fire of their nation, which was not once extinguished in over a hundred years.

Safely entrenched from their enemies, they recruited their strength until they numbered a thousand warriors. Their island home was easily defended, game and fish were plenty, and though often attacked by the Sioux, whose country they had invaded, they were uniformly victorious. As they increased in numbers, new bands, under sub-chiefs, took up positions on the frontier, and gradually beating back the Sioux, became possessed of the lake basin as well as the country about the source of the Mississippi. And here the French trader found them early in the seventeenth century, a great and powerful nation, masters of all the land.

Over two hundred years have fled since the council fire was extinguished at La Pointe, and to-day the remnant bands of the once mighty race, are living upon scattered reservations, the wards of the Government. Many are the lodge tales told of the early history of the tribe on "Mon-ing-wun-a-kaun-ing," as the island was called by the Ojibewas, signifying "the home of the red-breasted woodpecker"; tales of battles, fierce and bloody, tales of cold and hunger, and of disease and famine, all of which the hardy race survived.

But a time came at last when they fled in fear from their great village. It was before the coming of the white man and

at a time when they rested in perfect security. For several years they had been ruled by a superstitious chief who listened wholly to the "Medicine Men" or priests of the "Me-da-we-win," the ancient Indian masonry or religion. These priests had long been overbearing and revengeful, indulging their passions without license, and, notwithstanding it was forbidden by tribal law, they secretly practiced cannibalism. To obtain human flesh with which to indulge their fiendish appetites, they killed little children with a vegetable poison known only to themselves. When the sorrowing parents laid their dear ones away in the shallow graves of the burial ground, these ghouls went forth at night like hyenas and dug them up. One day an old squaw accidentally discovered one of the fiends preparing a dead child for boiling. Horrified at her discovery, she hurried to a chief who had that day lost his little son, and told her terrible tale. At once he understood the meaning of the many mysterious deaths that had occurred; and, in his case, knowing that the evil eye of the "Medicine Man" had long rested upon him, he decided to guard the resting place of his boy. In the night, as he lay hidden among the graves, he heard stealthy steps, and soon a black bear appeared and began to tear the earth away from the new made grave. The chief drew the arrow of his war bow to the head and drove it home, when with a frightful yell, a "Medicine Man," robed in a bear skin, fell dead at his feet. There was a grand council called and the wicked priests were sentenced and put to death. But the spirits of the children haunted the village. The women heard their cries in the night and the warriors saw their faces in the clouds; a panic seized them, and hastily gathering their effects, they took to their canoes and fled. They found lodgment on the mainland, where they rebuilt their lodges and under their chiefs, settled in bands at various points along the shore. It was nearly eighty years before a member of the tribe could be induced to visit the island.

There is no well authenticated record to tell who first repeopled La Pointe.

Le Sueur, sent by the Government of New France from the upper Mississippi,



"THE SPHINX," PRESQUE ISLE.

to keep open the lake channel of trade with the Sioux, is said to have built a fort on the island, in 1692, near the centre of the old Indian village, he and his followers being probably the first.

Nearly a quarter of a century after this, Sieur St. Pierre erected a fort at the southernmost end of the island, which some eight or nine years later was garrisoned by a company of French regulars and in command of Sieur De Linctot, who, by direction of De Lignery, commandant at Mackinaw, distributed presents and made the first treaty between the Ojibewas and the Sioux. It was one of the many that were made and broken in the years to follow. Sieur La Ronde succeeded De Linctot at "Chagouamigon," as the post was called by the French. He was accompanied by his son, who was the first white man to explore the so-called pre-historic copper mines of Isle Royale.

At this post La Ronde built the first sailing vessel to float on the lake, a bark of forty tons, which he used for several years in making voyages of discovery. La Ronde was empowered to search for and mine copper, and his was the first work done at Ontonagon and also at Isle Royale. He remained at "Chagouamigon" fourteen

years, and explored the country in every direction.

The last commander of the post of which there is any record, was Hertel de Beaubossin, who left with a band of Ojibewas to fight the English, during the French and Indian war. With the fall of New France the fort was abandoned as a military post.

Alexander Henry and John Baptiste Cadotte, two Indian traders, famous in the annals of the Northwest fur trade, were the next to occupy the "old fort," which they converted into a trading post for

the Northwest Fur Company, maintained for many years. Another noted trader who came to the island was John Johnson, who afterwards was Astor's first manager at Sault Ste. Marie. He built a post and traded for the Hudson Bay Fur Company, in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Michael Cadotte, son of John Baptiste Cadotte, succeeded his father at La Pointe, in the early days of the nineteenth century and the island became his home and bore his name for nearly forty years, or until the dawn of the American era.

Congress having passed a law that none but American citizens could trade with the Indians within the territory of the United States, the consolidated Northwest



"LONE ROCK," PRESQUE ISLE.

and Hudson Bay Company retired to British soil and the company organized by John Jacob Astor occupied their vacant posts by right of purchase, employing most of their old traders and voyagers. This company at once organized its business, and La Pointe became headquarters for the Lac du Flambeau, Lac Court Orielles, and Chewamegon department, with Lyman M. Warren, one of the first American traders, as factor or general manager.

For forty years La Pointe was headquarters for the Northwest fur trade and grew rapidly in importance. It reached the height of its prosperity under the influence of this great organization, when its mixed population was nearly, if not quite, 2,500 souls. This era in the history of the island witnessed the return of the

missionary and the renewal of efforts, both by Catholic and Protestant, to christianize the Ojibewas. At this time the Indians had taken the name of Chippewas, the official title given them by the United States, which they still bear.

The first to enter the field was the Jesuit Father Frederic Baraga, a missionary of great experience among the Ottawas of Lake Huron. He came to revive the Mission of Allouez,—“The Mission of the Holy

Ghost.” Baraga was an Austrian noble by birth, but surrendering his ancestral honors and estates, entered the priesthood. He was a man of great learning and ability, full of love for the poor and lowly, and the Indians soon learned to love and follow him. Among the voyagers there were many Catholics, who gave him a warm welcome and were eager to do his bidding. In a week he had

erected a small log church, where he said mass and gathered his people around him. For six years he preached in this little log building, and gathered many converts into the fold. He labored night and day for his children as he called them, wrote soliciting letters to the church authorities at Rome, and to churchmen in his native land and with funds thus obtained, and with the aid of the Amer-



OLD PAINTING IN THE ANCIENT CATHOLIC CHURCH AT LA POINTE.

ican Fur Company, he built a new and larger church, which still stands a monument to his memory. During his ten years' labor at La Pointe, he baptised nearly a thousand converts. Thus over one hundred and eighty years after the Mission of Allouez was abandoned by Marquette, the church was again established in all its power. In the new "old church," which is the centre of attraction in the present village, there is a painting,

"The Descent From the Cross," which Father Baraga brought from Austria. It is a work of rare merit and is supposed to be over a century old. It is much cherished relic by the Catholics of to-day.

After his labors at La Pointe, he went to 'L'Anse, and ten years later was created Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, where he soon after died. He was buried in the Cathedral at Marquette, Michigan, beside the ashes of Father James Marquette, who preceded him in his missionary field, nearly two hundred years.

About the same time Baraga came to La Pointe, a Protestant mission was established by the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. A large mission house and school was erected, and a small church built, both of which still remain as evidences of Christian zeal. This mission was maintained with varying success, until the treaty with the Indians removed it to the Bad River Reservation, where it was continued for many years. In connection with this work, the names of Ayer, Boutwell, Hall and Wheeler, all devoted ministers, stand out conspicuously in the history of the Missouri of the west.

La Pointe was indeed the theatre of many historical events, important in their relation to the settlement and development of a great and rich country that is now a happy and prosperous part of the American Union. Not the least of these were two treaties with the Chippewas, by which they ceded their country to the Government, and settled down as quiet and peaceable subjects upon their reservations.

As we stood before the old Jesuit church that beautiful sunny afternoon, looking down upon the deserted and desolate streets of the once busy metropolis of a wilderness empire, like the flash of a camera, the scenes of its long past glories were renewed. Over the vacant common, white and gleaming with daisies and golden but-

tercups, the lodges of the Ojibewas, like ghosts of departed spirits, stood in long lines, and the smoke of their camp-fires floated lazily away and faded into the gray autumn haze. The streets were again the promenade of the careless *Coueurs du bois*, with their dusky sweethearts, and the stolid chiefs in all their dignity, embellished with beads and feathers, walked side by side with the sturdy traders and discussed the price of beaver and the prospect of the winter's hunt. The old trading post with its high palisades and warehouses occupied its place, and a motley crowd of loiterers graced its entrance as of old, while the Indian children and their dogs romped on the sandy beach, their shouts and laughter easily heard above the droning hum of village life.

From across the fields, where the "Medicine Men" were holding forth in the "Meda-we" lodge, floated the dull beat of the tom-tom, while blending with its muffled measure, rose the soft, sweet music of the mission bell, calling its people to their evening service.

It was a vivid picture, one that startled us from our dreaming, and we awakened to find that our vision had fled,—that the past and its glories were but the dust of the dead.

We sailed away from fair Madeline as the sun sank behind the western hills in all its autumn glory, its brilliant rays changing the glassy sea into sheets of golden splendor.

Up through the northern passage skirting the Red Cliff shore of the mainland we glide, and leaving Bass, Wilson and Oak islands on our right, we change our course to the westward, and as the flash of Raspberry light illuminates the deepening twilight, so does the flash of our camp-fire light up the tree tops of our island grove, and the signaling whistle and the rattling anchor chain, is answered by a chorus of merry voices,—our welcome home.

THE NATIONAL VIEW

BY ARTHUR J. DODGE

THE American citizen who is not now engaged in deep contemplation of the possible influences of the present war upon the destinies of the Republic is not a broadguaged, national man, nor is he fully impressed with the magnitude of the events that are daily making up the pages of the most momentous History of the World's progress.

The armies of the Nation are moving. The navies of the United States are carrying the Flag of the Free into strange seas, and touching shores where little is known of the genius of free institutions or of a Republican form of government. What will be the effect of this war for the cause of humanity upon the relations of this Republic to the other independent States of the world? Is this war not certain to add to the glory of the American name and shed a new lustre upon the starry emblem of the American Republic? Is it not certain to result in the United States occupying a broader field in the realm of international affairs? Will it not make for the good of mankind by extending the uplifting influences of a civilization based upon the equality of all men, and embodying a progressive industrial policy that cheapens wealth by advanced industrial methods rather than by cheapening the producers of wealth? Will it not weld the States of the Republic together in stronger bonds of fraternity and love of country?

Two American statesmen, one representing a Southern State and the other representing a State at the North, discuss for "The National Magazine" the influences of this war upon the destinies of the Republic. Senator John T. Morgan of Alabama wore the uniform of a Confederate soldier during the Civil war. Senator

Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota was a Union soldier. Senator Davis is now Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate. Senator Morgan was chairman of that great committee a short time ago when the Democratic party controlled the committees of the Senate.

Senators Davis and Morgan are men of thought, of noble impulses and patriotic devotion to the interests of the nation. Their service on the Committee on Foreign Relations equips them in a special way to consider broad National and International questions.

IMPERIALISM

By Senator Cushman K. Davis



SENATOR CUSHMAN K. DAVIS.

EVERY war that has ever been waged for human rights has produced consequences unforeseen by the most imaginative speculation at the time of its beginning. The results of the American Revolution have so far transcended its declared objects as to amaze us even in the moments of our

most desultory thought. It will be so as to the present war with Spain.

No one would have ventured to predict during the month of April, 1898, that within a few days after its declaration, a war undertaken for the independence of Cuba would, by its first battle, raise questions of conquest, policy, and possibly of empire, in the antipodes by the astounding victory of Admiral Dewey at Manila.

It is too early to predict with much confidence the full consequences of that most decisive triumph. It seems probable, however, that it will result in a naval station at Manila, and in at least holding the Philippines as indemnity for the cost of the war.

The acquisition of Hawaii by the

United States has been demonstrated to be indispensable to our peace and safety in the most absolute military sense. We are at this moment, irregularly yet most necessarily, using those islands for military purposes.

As a consequence of this war, the United States will become a naval power of the first-class. Its foreign commerce will be immensely increased, especially with China. Spain will be deposed from her sovereignty in this hemisphere. The military spirit of our people will be properly stimulated so that never again will hostilities with any foreign power find us unprepared, as we plainly were when the present war began between this government and Spain.

Turning to questions of domestic concern and our relations with Great Britain as affected by the present war, Senator Davis said:

The spirit of discontent with our own government and its laws which, during the last five years, has been so ominously apparent, has been exorcised by the potent spell of patriotism which has been laid upon those who not long since were bringing into question, sometimes by force, the wisdom and justice of the laws and courts of the Republic. These men who needed but such an opportunity as the present one, now stand in the ranks of our armies and upon the iron decks of our battleships.

The war has drawn England and the United States together with sudden and resistless force. These nations now see that they can be secure in the 'isolation' of the 125,000,000 people who speak the English language.

The absolute coalescence of the North and South into one unalloyed mass of militant patriotism is the most important national event since the Civil War. It has consumed the last remaining trace of resentment. It will remove all obstacles to perfect business intercourse, and go far to produce a non-sectional consideration of political questions. These moral results will be of more benefit to this country than

all the conquests that can be achieved by the most triumphant exertion of its military and naval power. The Grey has blended into the Blue. The Grants, the Lees, the Miles, the Butlers, the Wilsons, the Wheelers, the Merritts, the Brookes, —these, and all the other survivors, Federal and Confederate, the officers of military renown, the regiments of states, once hostile but now brigaded together, stand to-day for one flag and one union.

IMPERIALISM

By Senator John T. Morgan

THE effect of the war with Spain upon the future policy of the United States will not be, in any event, revolutionary in respect of our principles or methods of government.

The government and people of the United States have a definite course of progress, controlled by established and well tried principles of government that will not be departed from in any emergency, or under any temptation. It is conservative without being weak, and earnest without being aggressive. That course is a rapid growth by just, reasonable and natural movements of population,



SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN.

which derives its strength and impetus from the will of the people, and not from the ambition of their leaders. Freedom of thought, speech, employment, religion, and aspirations, regulated by laws enacted by the people under the protection and limitations of a constitution whose written ordinances are known and loved by all, and are made sacred by the oaths of a Christian people are the attractive features that promote the growth of the great Republic. It is no more likely to fail, or to gain a self-destructive force, than the growth of the forests, or the water springs that flow from the hills.

There is not a single American who is dissatisfied with the form of our government, or its combined national and state sovereignties, or the foundation creed upon which they rest—the Christian creed. Even those who are excited by the personal

desire for excessive wealth and power to revise the machinery of government to their own advantage, do not dream of usurpation as against the sovereignty of the states or of the Federal Government; and, when we are threatened by foreign or domestic disturbance, they are willing to sacrifice everything to maintain the States

eign united in federations that were supreme within the limits of delegated powers, and under the same constitutional systems. When their quarrel over the administration of the government ended, the Union continued unbroken and its great career was only better secured and its purposes were made higher and freed from



LIEUTENANT HOBSON.

and the Union in their full powers and authority. This is the result of the profound love of the people of all classes for their free institutions. They know their value and appreciate it. In the Civil War between the States, which would have destroyed the strongest empire in the world, both the great warring sections adopted and fought for the same system of government, consisting of states that are sover-

embarrassment. The enlargement of our boundaries to accommodate other masses of population, even in distant lands, can never disturb the rock on which our foundations rest, provided we do not abandon the doctrine of the right of local self-government for distinct communities, by attempting to rule a subject people. If the process of growth that has built us up is not disturbed by an effort to extend our



THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC" IN THE HARBOR CHANNEL AT SANTIAGO.

institutions, by force, over subjugated peoples, there can be no danger of too great expansion, except as a matter of national convenience or protection. But the growth must be voluntary and not by conquest. We are forced to the alternative of conquest in some of the Spanish Islands—not in Cuba, for we have pledged the honor of our country that Cuba shall be free and independent. In Cuba there is a prospect that 'the Gem of the Antilles' may become a star in the galaxy of our states; but in such a glorious result there will be neither coercion nor persuasion, but the voluntary suffrage of a free and self-governing people. But the Philippines and Porto Rico are brought under our control by the stress and exigency of war, and we must care for the people there, possibly for a protracted period, until they are secured in the rights of free, local self-government. If we do that they will bless the day in which their deliverance came

through our arms, while we were making war to save the oppressed people of far distant islands, and their destiny will be changed for the better, while ours will not be changed for the worst.

Americans are true to the principles of their government, as a virtuous people are always true to honor and justice, and they will never accept the fruits of conquest as a reward for their devotion to humanity and the liberties of an oppressed people; nor will the temptations of power and wealth cause them to forget their principles. If in the progress of our national power, we find that our example and influence are working the redemption of the oppressed people in other lands, we will not refrain from lending them a helping hand, upon their request. To do that, would be to deny the faith and to prove that our Republic depends for its strength upon its isolation, rather than upon the character of our people, and for its wealth

upon its selfish appropriation of our favored country rather than upon fair competition.

Those are idle fears that lock a strong man within his house lest he might yield to some great temptation, or be in danger of his life, if he should venture out to help those who are in distress. That reproach can never be justly visited upon the United States. We are free to go and come among the nations and to help in every good work.

LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S DEED

IT has been remarked that, like Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, who visited the British forces at early dawn and demanded the surrender of the fort, another Vermont "Yankee," Commodore Dewey, appeared at daybreak before the fortifications and fleets of the Spaniards at Manila and tendered a surprise in the form of well-directed shot and shell.

The new "Yankee" of the South goes the New England type one better. Lieutenant Hobson, the Alabamian, hero of Santiago, and central figure in the most daring exploit of the present war, remained awake all night to surprise the Spaniards in the defenses of Cuba. In "the darkest hour just before the dawn" Lieutenant Hobson performed the feat, under the guns of the Spanish defenses in the harbor of Santiago, that blocked the entrance and securely "bottled up" the fleet of the Spanish admiral, Cervera.

Compared with other deeds of personal valor and self-sacrifice the heroic achievement of Hobson and his little crew of seven Americans will rank with the greatest in our annals. If ever the jaws of death yawned for mortal beings it was in the black hell of Santiago harbor on the morning of June 3. It had been decided by Admiral Sampson of the American fleet that in order to block the harbor entrance it would be necessary to sink a vessel across the channel directly under the guns of the Spanish batteries. No exploit could be conceived more certain to mean the death of all who would participate in it. And yet, in response to the call of Admiral Sampson for volunteers to un-

dertake this necessary work, more than three hundred American marines leaped to the front. Lieutenant Hobson had suggested that he be allowed to command the "Merrimac," an immense coal transport vessel, on this her last voyage and sink her on the desired spot. Six men, Daniel Montague, a chief master-at-arms of the cruiser "New York," George Charette, a gunner's mate of the same ship, J. C. Murphy, a coxswain of the battleship "Iowa," and John P. Phillips, a machinist, John Kelly, a water tender, and Oscar Deignan, a coxswain, all of the "Merrimac" crew, were chosen for the expedition. H. Clausen, a coxswain of the "New York," slipped aboard the "Merrimac" determined to be a participant in the gallant exploit although not ordered to go.

I asked a naval officer on duty in the Navy Department here what he thought of the deed of Hobson and his men, and how it compared with the deeds of daring chronicled in the pages of American naval history. He said:

"It was glorious and plucky beyond measure. It shows to the world that thirty years of peace has not dampened the ardor nor diminished the spirit of American seamen and naval officers. They are as of old ready for duty no matter what the cost. The order of Admiral Sampson for the sinking of the "Merrimac" in the harbor of Santiago was practically an invitation to the crew that should man the ship to go with her to the bottom of the sea. There was a chance for them to escape, but it would be only by a miraculous interposition of Providence. The vessel was certain to be showered with the shot and shell from the enemy's fortifications lining the narrow channel. Without means of defense, aboard an unprotected ship, all hope for Hobson and his gallant crew was to rush through the storm of shot and shell, sink their vessel at the proper point, make their way back under the fire of the enemy's guns, or die like rats penned in a trap. Then, consider the character of the venture. It was not like running a blockade, where every man is at the guns answering shot with shot and nerved to the utmost

tension by the excitement of the moment. This was really a mean calling, merely running that old hulk under the guns of the forts, with no opportunity for defense. It was bravery of the most exalted type and Hobson's name will live in history.

"There is nothing that I recall in our naval annals that compares with this exploit," said the officer. "Lieutenant Cushing at Plymouth, N. C., aboard his little launch with the fixed torpedo for the destruction of the Confederate ram 'Albemarle,' is the nearest approach to it. That was indeed a gallant and daring deed and the thought of it 'warms the cockles' of American hearts to this day. Cushing had the one chance of escape which would attend the possibility of his approach to the 'Albemarle' being a complete surprise to the lookout crew on the decks of that vessel. When his torpedo struck the Confederate ship there was nothing for him to do but leap into the dark waters and swim away under the fire of the startled and panic-stricken men of the 'Albemarle.' He succeeded. His torpedo destroyed the Confederate ship and he reached shore unscathed.

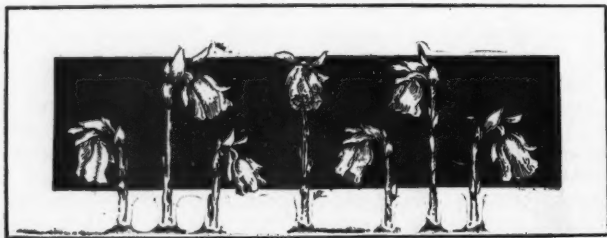
"But how was it with Hobson? He ran his vessel into a protected harbor, amid the hottest fire of the batteries. There was no escape for him and his gallant crew. They could not make their way back in the face of the galling fire. It is a miracle that they were not riddled with Spanish shot. Amidst the screaming shot and shell they rowed their little boat direct toward the Spanish ships in the harbor and surrendered. It was their only course to

escape death. They had accomplished the object of their perilous expedition. They were willing to yield as prisoners of war and languish in a Spanish dungeon awaiting exchange, having won the victory of the hour."

Is there any doubt of the heroism of Hobson and his men at Santiago? Even the Spanish Admiral Cervera conceded it. He took the men as prisoners of war. Knowing the terrible risk they had run, and the anxiety that would fill the minds of the Americans to know what had become of such gallant heroes, he sent word to Admiral Sampson that the men had been taken prisoners of war.

Why this sacrifice of a great steel ship and the exposure of the lives of American seamen? It was regarded as necessary to close the harbor of Santiago that the Spanish ships anchored there should not come out to attack the American fleet. The next step was to demolish the outer fortifications of the harbor so a few American vessels on guard could prevent the Spaniards removing the wreck of the "Merrimac."

Lieutenant Hobson planned the exploit from the beginning and carried it out to the end. Only one slip occurred. He failed to reach the steam launch that was sent close in shore under the command of Ensign George Powell. The launch returned at daybreak. It had been impossible to pick up the daring little crew of the "Merrimac." They were in the hands of the Spanish. But they had been successful. They had acted well their part, "there all the honor lies."





THE INCOMPLEAT ANGLER.

THERE are some things Ike Walton forgot to put in his book that it is needful to bring to the attention of anglers. Now I am something of an angler myself. My friends often tell me I have more angles to the square inch than any one they know. They remark that I am built on the angle principle, except my nose, which is a hook, and casually remind me that I look like a fishing pole. Therefore I intend at some future day to publish a book on angling myself. I am simply great at angling myself. I hardly ever go fishing that I do not angle myself in several places, and frequently have to cut out the hook with my pocket knife. Of course, there are some anglers who believe in leaving a hook thus caught in one's thigh. They claim that it is less liable to be lost, and that on the whole it is a good plan to have an assortment of limerick hooks conveniently disposed about one's anatomy ready to be dug out in case of emergency, but I hold other views. In the first place the hook is liable to rust and become unfit for use, and in the second place I can never forget the unfortunate plight of a friend of mine who followed the foolish custom of carrying fishhooks in the fat of his calf. Running out of hooks one day, he attached his line to an excellent oo hook he carried firmly imbedded in himself. Poor fellow! He absent-mindedly forgot to dig the hook out before making a cast, and threw himself into the stream where he floundered pitifully until he was bitten by a cat-fish, when of course, he drew himself ashore. Had he not had a bite just at that moment he would have miserably drowned.

To fish for pleasure one should have a reel. In fact, that is the only way to have reel pleasure. A nice, bright nickel-plated reel gives tone to a fisherman. Another useful thing is a pair of climbers such as

linemen use to climb telephone poles. It is very aggravating when one has caught the upper end of an elm tree of six foot girth to have to whittle the tree down with a jack knife. In my early days I always carried a sixty-foot ladder with me, but it is a trifle inconvenient.

When fishing in a slough or narrow stream, always fish on the other side. The other side is always full of fish, and you will save a great deal of worry by casting your line there first. If you will fish on this side first I advise you to take a bridge with you, so that you can cross the stream occasionally. A good bridge can be purchased for a few thousand dollars, and can be easily transported on a few freight cars. For a few hundred thousands a railway can be laid along the route you intend taking. A locomotive can be hired for a nominal sum.

Bait should not be forgotten. Nothing is so silly as to go angling without bait. For river sunfish, croppies and goggle eyes, worms are the best. They can be found squirming in any garden after a hard rain. I advise every angler to count among his implements a complete rain making machine. With one of these well nigh indispensable articles a copious rain may be produced which will force the angleworms from cover, when they may be gathered into a pile with a common garden rake and deposited in a can. A baking powder can is best. Nothing will make a fish rise so quickly as a worm with a little baking-powder on it.

The ordinary way to attach the worm to the hook is to jab it on, but it is a cruel way and no tender hearted angler would do it. When it is done, the worm should first be chloroformed. But as this puts the worm in a state of coma and makes it lax and full of lassitude I have chosen other methods. One way is to tie the worm to

the hook with number 40 pink thread. The thread must be chosen to match the shade of the worm as nearly as possible and wound around and around it, not so tightly as to stop the circulation or to cause pain or numbness, but firmly. Another way is to paste the worm to the hook with library paste. If you insist on piercing the worm with the hook, as too many anglers do, insert the point of the hook in the worm first. It is poor policy to string a worm on the butt end of the pole and run it down the pole and line to the end of the hook. It annoys the worm, and besides, there is seldom any worm left by the time the hook is reached.

In choosing a spot to fish it is well to select some spot near the water. Of course it is more comfortable to go up in the garret and fish out of the window, or to sit on the roof and cast your line down the chimney, but the results are invariably poor. As a rule there are but few fish in a petunia bed or a kitchen range, but of the two they appear in the range more frequently. Having chosen the spot near the water, then, let us say on the bank of a shady stream, cut down all the trees and drag them several miles into the interior so that your line may not become entangled in their branches. Then with your dredge boat, for of a certainty you will have one in your outfit, dredge the stream until all the snags are removed. Set up your pennyroyal fountain and fill the air with a fine mist of oil of pennyroyal to drive away the mosquitoes. Then fill and light your pipe, open the volume of poems you have brought and snugly seated on the bank of the stream give yourself up to the muse. When evening comes look in your tackle to see that no moths have got among the lines, sprinkle a few camphor balls among them, knock the ashes from your pipe, drag the trees back and replant them, and wend your way homeward.

Ah, what can be more pleasurable than the angler's joy? In fancy I see myself again a boy walking ten miles over wheat stubble in my bare-feet, stopping ever and anon to pick a sand burr from my heel, on my way to the slough where the luscious sunfish grow to an extreme length of three inches and a maximum width of

half an inch, with two square inches of bones to each square inch of fish. And then the rapture when at the last minute just as the sun sinks into the West, (it sets in the West in Iowa, you know), a benighted catfish that has strayed into the slough through some misapprehension attaches itself to my hook. The red and green cork bobs convulsively once, twice, and then darts beneath the surface, leaving an expanding circle of little waves. One jerk of the pole and the catfish flies through the air, describing a mighty half circle and lands in the branches of a tree where it wiggles spasmodically. The line is tangled but I cut such of it as I can reach, and the fish falls on the grass flopping in protest at being thus rudely hurried into the unwonted element. I approach it gingerly, for the catfish has a "stinger." I work at the hook, but it has swallowed it. I put a board on the fish and stand on the board and tug at the line but the hook is not forthcoming. The catfish opens its mouth and grunts, and I feel sorry for it and compromise by cutting the line close to its mouth. Then I untie my line from the pole, wind it on the cork, string the catfish on a bit of twine and start home. I step gingerly across the stubble fields that seem to have lengthened into double and treble their morning size. The catfish hangs down my back, and gives my coat a pleasant fishy smell that remains for many days. On my way I pass through the lower town and the small boys "guy" my fish; until I too become ashamed of it. It has dried considerably and its tail and fins have curled up. At length I become disgusted and drop it into a pig-sty. I am tired and hungry, but happy when I reach home, fishless and fishy, and my first words are, "Aunt, can I go again next Saturday?"

The next day I wonder whether the hogs ate the fish, whether they swallowed that hook, and what the effect might be on a hog that had unwittingly taken a steel fishhook into its digestive organs. And at school I tell of my catch and the catfish grows in the telling until it is two feet long, and, strange, I believe it, and not so strange, I am the only one that does believe it.

Ellis Parker Butler.

DONEGAL GEESE.

I AM very sure the northwest corner of Ireland would be lonesome if it were not for the geese. Everybody keeps geese, and in the quaint little market town of Dunfanaghy (you should pronounce it "done Fanny"), which is the very last town on the northwest corner, you would almost always see more geese in the street than people. Dunfanaghy is at the head of a little bay where the water comes right up to the houses and the gulls often sail into the street and mingle with the geese.

Away from the town, at every little rocky hill farm there is a flock of geese

often attended by a bare-legged boy or girl. Near Dunfanaghy, too, there was one man herded geese, and I think he was at once the worst dressed and the best natured man I ever met.

I saw him one day standing in a little green bit of an Irish meadow framed in the purple heather of the mountains and but a little way from the sea which beat thunderously on the rocky cliffs. He was loudly

calling something in Gaelic, and by-and-bye there was the whirr of wings over my head and a flock of great geese came flying in from the sea and lighted in the meadow at his feet. These, with much scolding in the same tongue, he drove toward the little stone sheiling which was at once farm house and byre, giving me a cheery "La math dhuit," which was "good day," as he passed.

This was Larry, commonly called "the cathogue," or the left-handed. Larry slept on a truss of straw in the byre loft, he had but the one coat tied about his waist with a bit of rope, his dinner was a boiled potato or an oatmeal cake, and he was very

happy. At harvest time he earned a shilling or two helping the goose trader from Derry drive his flock over the mountain road.

This goose trader would start far down the west coast, beyond Falcarragh, buying the spare geese of one farm-wife's flock. Then he would drive them along to the next farm, buy some more here, or perhaps make an exchange, then move slowly on again. Thus he passed from farm to farm, the geese waddling decorously along, and scarcely making an attempt to leave the road. They travelled but slowly, and every few miles were allowed to sit down and rest. By the time he reached

Dunfanaghy his flock would contain a hundred or more, and here they would be fed and put in the market house basement to spend the night. In the morning they would troop out and with deafening gabble start once more on their journey.

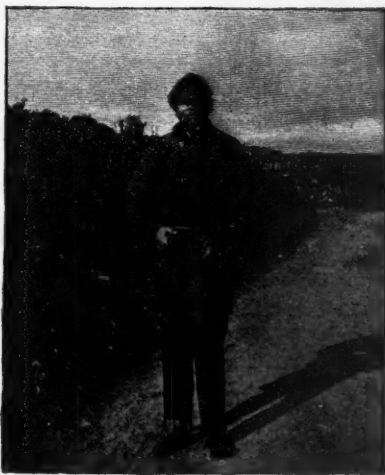
It was at this point that "the cathogue" joined the party and became what the goose trader humorously called "his left-hand man."

"Larry," he said to him one September morning as I watched them starting out: "From here out the geese do be taking the wrong turn of the road every time by reason of your left hand."

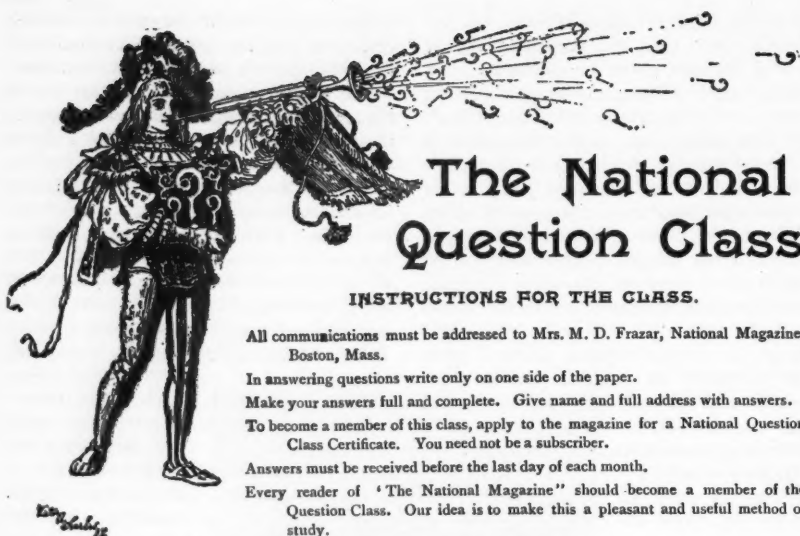
"Indade," was Larry's ready reply; "I'm thinking the wrong turn in the road is the right one for them as travels to the goose shearing."

A stately old gander stretched his head inquiringly forward at this and started down the Letterkenny road followed by the waddling flock, with the trader and "the cathogue" bringing up the rear, and that was the last I saw of them.

Winthrop Packard.



LARRY, THE CATHOGUE.



The National Question Class

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CLASS.

All communications must be addressed to Mrs. M. D. Frazar, National Magazine, Boston, Mass.

In answering questions write only on one side of the paper.

Make your answers full and complete. Give name and full address with answers.

To become a member of this class, apply to the magazine for a National Question Class Certificate. You need not be a subscriber.

Answers must be received before the last day of each month.

Every reader of "The National Magazine" should become a member of the Question Class. Our idea is to make this a pleasant and useful method of study.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar.

NOTES.

CLASS members should be very careful in sending in their papers. Three carefully prepared sets of answers were received this month in incomplete form, with the sheets on which the names should be, missing.

Send in your answers even if you do not get them entire.

Interest all your friends in the National Question Class. Let us have 50,000 members the first day of September.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR MAY.

First Prize: Miss Marietta Matthews, 122 Austin street, Worcester, Mass.

Second Prize: Marion Gay, Kilsyth road, Brookline, Mass.

Third Prize: Mr. William P. White, 1012 Pioneer Press Bld'g, St. Paul, Minn.

Fourth Prize: Miss Emily A. Watson, 611 Fifth avenue, New York City.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Mrs. D. W. Hakes, Colchester, Conn.
Miss Alice M. Freeman, Somerville, Mass.

Charles A. Wingate, Louisville, Ky.
Gaston D. Baker, St. Louis, Mo.
Annie O. Powers, Rochester, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO MAY QUESTIONS.

Literature.

1. The word "volume" comes from Latin *volvo*, to roll up. A roll. Anciently, books were written on sheets fastened together lengthwise and rolled; some were rolled on a pin or roller. The rolls were placed erect on shelves. Each one was labelled in red letters or rubrics. Rolls of great value were packed in cases or boxes.

2. The Delphin classics were a set of Latin classics edited in French by 39 scholars, under the superintendence of Bossuet, Montausier and Huet, for the use of the son of Louis XIV., called the Grand Dauphin. They are of no value except for their indexes.

3. "Piling Pelion on Ossa" means adding difficulty to difficulty, embarrassment to embarrassment. When the giants tried to scale heaven, they placed Mt. Ossa upon Mt. Pelion for a scaling ladder.

4. "Lyceum" is derived from Greek *Lukēion*, and was originally the name of a place in

the immediate vicinity of Athens, consecrated to Apollo Lyceus, and noted for its shady wood and beautiful gardens, but particularly for its gymnasium, in which Aristotle and the Peripatetics taught, and from which the Romans borrowed the same name for similar institutions.

5. Plutarch, historian of both Greeks and Romans, was born in Chaeronia in Boeotia, probably in the middle of the first century. Like most ambitious young Greeks, he found his way to Rome about 80 A. D. where he gave instruction in philosophy to audiences eager to absorb Greek culture. He later returned to his own country. His "Parallel Lives" is the work by which he is best known.

Art.

1. Anthony Van Dyck is called "the moon of Ruben's sun."

2. "And when you to Manfrine's Palace go

That picture, (howsoever fine the rest)

Is loveliest, to my mind, of all the show."

Byron writes of Guido Reni's wonderful ceiling fresco of the "Aurora" in the Casino Rospigliosi at Rome.

3. Titian's earliest painting, "The Visitation of Saint Elizabeth" had for a model the artist's mother. It is now in the Vatican at Rome.

4. Tintoretto was sent by his poor parents to study under Titian. This did not help him much, for that most excellent painter was by no means a good instructor, and it is said he was jealous of the progress of Tintoretto. He expelled him from his studio academy, saying somewhat rashly, "that he would never be anything but a dauber."

General.

1. "Sterling," marked on silver, is derived from "Easterling," once the popular name of German traders in England whose money was of the purest quality.

2. St. George is the national saint of England in consequence of the miraculous assistance rendered by him to the arms of the Christians under Godfrey de Bouillon during the first crusade.

3. *January*, among the Romans, was held sacred to Janus (hence the name) who

kept the gates of Heaven, and had two faces looking in opposite directions, one old and one young. *February*, from *februus*, to purify, and from *Februa*, a name for Juno who presided over the purification of women in this month. *March*, first Roman month, comes from Mars, the war god and patron deity. *April*, from Roman *Aprilis*, gets its name from *aperire*, to open, because it was the season when buds began to open. *May* (Lat. *Maius* is from a root *mag*, to grow) is the month of growth. Floral games were held at first of this month. *June*, so-called from *juniores* or soldiers of the state, and from Juno, the queen-goddess, it was their fourth month. *July*, fifth Roman month, called *Quintilius*, was changed in name by Marc Antony during the time of Julius Caesar, in honor of whom it was named *July*, as his birthday was the twelfth of *Quintilius*. Augustus Caesar changed "*Sextilius*," the sixth Roman month into *August* (us) when he took possession of his first consulship and celebrated his triumphs. *September*, from *septem*, meaning seven was the seventh Roman month, *October* was the eighth month of the "year of Romulus," but when Numa revised the Calendar, it became the tenth. *November*, ninth Roman month, was very important in connection with their religious ritual. *December* was the tenth month in old law.

4. "Dauphin" (Latin *delphinus*) was the title of the sovereign lords of the province of Dauphine. The last of these, Humbert II., dying childless (1349) bequeathed his possessions to Charles of Valois, grandson of Philippe VI. of France, on condition that the heir-apparent to the throne of France should bear the title of Dauphin of Vienne, and govern the province.

5. *Fronde* was the name given to a political faction in France during the minority of Louis XIV., which was hostile to the court, and the prime minister Mazarin, and caused great domestic troubles in 1648-1654. The malcontents were called *Frondeurs* (slingers) from a witty illustration of a councillor, who said that they were "like schoolboys who sling stones about the streets. When no eye is upon them, they are bold as bullies; but when a policeman

approaches, they scamper away to the ditches for concealment."

(Miss) Marietta Matthews,
122 Austin St., Worcester.

NOTICE.

In "Art," number 3, the special picture referred to is thus answered by Miss Alice M. Freeman, of Somerville, Mass.: "Titian painted The Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple. It hangs in the Academy at Venice. His mother is represented as an egg seller—an old woman."

Miss Freeman also gives the true reason for Titian's calling Tintoretto a "dauber:" "It is said that Tintoretto was a very rapid painter, and did his work without first designing or outlining it, and this Titian considered unpardonable."

The answer regarding the patron saint of England was admirably answered by Mr. White, of St. Paul, Minn.: "St. George, the patron saint of England, is generally believed to have been a distinguished soldier under the Emperor Diocletian, who when he discovered that he was a disciple of the despised Nazarene, put him to death. At a council at Oxford, held 1222 A. D., it was resolved that April 23rd, the day of his martyrdom, should be held as a festival in England, and he then became the patron saint, in as much as he was at once the martyr and the champion of the Christian faith."

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

Literature.

1. What famous work is a delineation of the old high-bred Castilian, a hater of injustice and lover of virtue?
2. What world-renowned American writer immortalized a certain spot in southern Spain?
3. Where are kept the archives and documents of Cortez, Pizarro, etc., relating to the conquests in America?

4. Who was the great poet of Portugal, and why was his most celebrated work called by the name it is?

5. What three men famous in Roman history were born at Seville?

Art.

1. What indignity did Soult offer to the remains of a famous painter? What act of vandalism was accomplished at same time?

2. What great picture was purchased from the Soult collection for the Louvre, at Paris?

3. What was "La Spagnoletto" and why was he so called?

4. What were Valasquez and Murillo called by contrast?

5. Whom did Philip IV. of Spain make his court painter and how did he speak of him?

General.

1. What story connected with Scotland pertains to the siege of Teba, Spain.

2. What were the "Crusades" and why were they so called and how many were there?

3. What was "Chivalry" and how did it help the condition of women?

4. How did Portugal get its emancipation from Spain?

5. There is a strip of ground bordering on Spain called "neutral." Where is it?

PRIZES FOR JULY.

First Prize: "Caleb West; Master Diver." By F. Hopkinson Smith, author of "Tom Grogan."

Second Prize: "King Noanett." By F. J. Stimson.

Third Prize: "So Runs the World," the last book by Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis."

Fourth Prize: "Marching With Gomez." By Grover Flint, war correspondent.

CLUB WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar

AS a firm believer in clubs for women and in the good work they are accomplishing, we cannot agree with the sentiments expressed by our correspondent in the following article, but we do not fear to submit it to club readers for fair consideration.

Editor Club Department, "National Magazine":—

Will you permit a man to intrude upon your space to say a word regarding women's clubs and how they strike the masculine mind?

That the club movement has been of importance and has resulted in much practical benefit, there is no gainsaying. But to the looker-on it appears that there is danger of going to extremes in it. There is not enough method in it, and club members are worked too hard in order to reach an ideal standard.

Women are extremists by nature and full of wise and unwise enthusiasms. They lack constant and continued effort. The most popular clubs seem to be those where the members do nothing but dress themselves prettily and assemble to absorb a lecture or listen to a Browning reading.

Speaking of going to extremes—I know of one woman who is clubbed nearly to the point of distraction. She belongs to twenty-one organizations that range in scope from whist to the most profound considerations of moral philosophy.

In the whirl of her club life and duties there is no leisure for the quiet of home that prepares women so admirably for the enjoyment of society; there is so much crowded into her days there is no pleasure or profit derived from any of the club work; weary and worn, and lacking all zeal in effort, her life is utterly without influence for good in the world.

And yet she struggles on, speaking of the tax of her duties as a club woman, and led away by the impression that she is progressive and up to date in the development of her immediate world.

She has reduced whist to a science, knows the exact point to which a toad may intellectually reach, can explain the evolution of canals and crops on Mars, has made a study of socialism and solved many of its problems, has taken up cremation, could build (in theory) a good sized pyramid, knows a Rembrandt from a Burne-Jones, can understand "Sordella," feels the certainty of the power of mind over matter, has reduced religion to a moral force, can settle questions in political economy, prove the effect of climatic conditions on a people, and talk pretty well on the abstract sciences, quote Fenelon and Dante and give points as to the war policy with Spain.

And is she happier for all this knowledge?

A thousand times, no!

All the teachings of our life should tend to make our lives brighter and happier. This extreme effort and unwise variety has exhausted her vitality, destroyed the charm of patient study and made her an eager, restless body, forever seeking something new and startling, and impatient of simple home duties and purely social events.

Occasionally she pauses for an instant to consider the question of giving up a club or two. But each seems to have imperative demands, and she continues her weary round, seeking to keep well up with the procession.

I have another friend who has aspirations toward politics, and who talks with earnestness of the pure influence a woman will exercise in public affairs.

A week ago there was a club election

that involved various changes, and there were several candidates for each office.

I think it safe to say that any ward politician could sit at the feet of a majority of those club women and learn new political tricks.

It really begins to look as if there might be an advantage to women in club methods of election, as a preparatory study in political work.

It must be confessed that when we compare our clubs, so entirely given up to amusement and exercise, with those clubs organized and carried on by women, we feel that much valuable time is perhaps wasted.

But there is no way in which the differences in the lives and duties of men and women is more thoroughly outlined, than in their clubs.

In the shelter of home woman looks out toward a broader field for thought, and seeks to unite mental activity with mild social intercourse.

Men, actively engaged in fierce battles for existence in the business world, feel the imperative need of entire relaxation which they find in their perfectly appointed club houses, and in the social intercourse where nothing is demanded except that a man be a good fellow, can tell a good story and always be a gentleman.

As a man, I think you work your club women too hard and are in danger of having the ranks thinned.

We do not wish you to be authorities on all deep subjects, and we do not ask that you try at settling great problems. It is enough for us that you be simple women, with the graces and caprices that win and hold us.

By all means have your clubs, but make them less a tax and more amusing.

John B. Benning.

As we go to press the great convention at Denver is going on and there will be a stimulating influence in this carefully arranged series of meetings.

This fourth Biennial of the G. F. W. C., which will meet in Denver, June 21 to 26, inclusive, will be the largest and most im-

portant gathering of women ever held in this country. Not less than 1,000 delegates are expected to be present and fully as many visitors have expressed their intention to attend the convention. Among them will be many women of national reputation in various lines of public work. Every subject on the program will be treated by specialists and no paper or subject used at Louisville will be repeated. The program will be of intense interest to all women, whether home makers or wage earners. Aside from the attractions of the Biennial, the women of Denver have arranged the most generous and typical western hospitality. Receptions, garden parties, and fetes will occupy the hours spared for social functions, and a free excursion into the mountains will be given all delegates by the Biennial Local Board.

In brief the subjects to be considered at the Biennial will be as follows: "Home," "Phases of Economic Work in Clubs," "Education," "Art," "Civic Clubs and Village Improvement Associations," "The Library Movement in the United States," "The Industrial Problem as it affects Women and Children," and "Folk Songs of America."

In addition there will be conferences on club methods, at which practical questions to clubs, both large and small, will be considered. Practical phases of all these questions will be subjects of discussion. For instance, in the art meeting such subjects as "The Decoration of School Buildings," and "What an Art Club can do for a Community," will be discussed. At the Press meeting over which Mrs. Henrotin will preside, such themes as "How to secure the Co-operation of the Press with Altruistic Movements," "Shall the Club publish its News," etc., will be taken up. Some of the best woman journalists in the country will be the speakers.

On Sunday, June 26, twelve principal pulpits of Denver will be filled by such preachers as Caroline Bartlett Crane and Celia Parker Woolley, and such speakers as Jane Addams, Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson and Mrs. Mary Solomon, president of the National Council of Jewish Women.

Minnie J. Reynolds,
Chairman Biennial Local Press Committee.



"The Captured Cunarder."

IMAGINE, if you please, a hundred or so irresponsible Irishmen, headed by a modern Captain Kidd, who has in his head a little scheme for striking a quick and desperate blow for the cause of old Ireland. Imagine this band of Fenians, getting out on the high seas, capturing by a very neat little trick the newest and the fleetest Cunarder just built, taking possession of her, turning her into a cruiser with rapid-firing guns, and then sailing off as a privateer to sweep the seas of England's glory and strength in her ocean-liners and in her merchantmen. Imagine the H. M. S. "Blake" and the U. S. S. "Columbia" scouring the Atlantic in search of her, after the news has reached the continents, the later finding her at last, only to get the ship and lose the Captain Kidd. For this gentleman makes a very pretty escape. Imagine all this and you have "The Captured Cunarder," by W. H. Rideing. Of course a monstrosity in the way of fiction, but nevertheless, a very readable bit of an absurdity. And timely, too, in these war-days of captures. Published by Copeland & Day.

When War Was Rife.

THE kind of literature that is the order of the day now is of two varieties, the first being newspaper "war extras" and the second, books with warlike themes

and titles. Of the latter quite the most taking story is "The Continental Dragoon," by Richard Neilson Stephens, the author of that play which Mr. Sothorn has delighted us with, "An Enemy to the King." Mr. Stephens has all the qualities of Stanley J. Weyman, and his romances are quite as rapid-moving and intense as those of the English writer. At home entirely in the realm of adventure, war and romance, he gives us in each new book of his a tale that excites the imagination and pleases the mind. Never anything else but good and lively reading, that is Mr. Stephens' distinctive hall-mark.

"The Continental Dragoon" concerns itself for a subject with revolutionary times and rampant tempers. It is a romantic, historical love-story, staged against a background of swords and soldiers. All its characters are historic and for them as well as for much of his material, the author has searched carefully colonial records. The hero is a certain Harry Peyton, a young Virginian who held a commission in the British army at the breaking out of the revolution, and was sent to America soon after the war began. At the battle of Bunker Hill he left the British and joined the colonists. His resignation, which he presented while the battle was raging, was never acknowledged and he was regarded by the British as a deserter. After the battle Peyton made

his way to Virginia and became a captain in Lee's Light Horse.

The heroine is Elizabeth Philipse, daughter of Colonel Philipse, a staunch old tory, who had left his manor and sought safety in New York from the various bands of Americans and British, who roamed about what was known as the neutral ground, foraging or pillaging from the enemies to the cause each respectively represented. About the Philipse manor-house the town of Yonkers subsequently grew, and in 1868 it was acquired for municipal use. We are introduced to the heroine while on her way from New York to the Philipse manor-house. She has defied her parent's wish, and with a negro servant and Major John Colden, a New Yorker who had taken service in the King's army, has set out for the manor. Thither on the night of his arrival comes Captain Harry Peyton with a troop of Lee's Light Horse in pursuit of a body of Hessians. Elizabeth Philipse is as staunch a tory as Peyton is a patriot. Their first meeting is hardly one to suggest a love-story, in which they are to be the principals. But so it turns out and a forcible and dramatic story it is, giving us, besides the vivid pictures of a beautiful and spirited woman and a gallant soldier and intense patriot, a graphic reproduction of the manners of a time which will never fail of interest. The love-story ends when Elizabeth and Peyton declare their love for one another and she promises to become his wife when the war is over. Book published by L. C. Page & Co.

A Well Edited Milton.

A VALUABLE volume, and one that will assuredly find favor with the literary as well as the scholastic world, is Mr. Andrew J. George's "Shorter Poems of Milton." The selections comprise all the poet's minor poems, the two "Latin Elegies," the "Italian Sonnet to Diodati," and the "Epitaphium Damonis." The introduction to these latter poems is particularly commendable; especially the "Sonnet to Diodati," the Arthur Hallam of Milton's life.

The work really supplies a hitherto con-

spicuous omission, inasmuch as it enables the average student to read Milton understandingly, at the same time arousing an enthusiastic interest in the poet's divine personality. The notes serve as an excellent setting for the poems, and account for much that might otherwise appear obscure. Their author has proven himself a master in the art of annotating; his thoughts are clear and forcible, the outgrowth of an intimate intercourse with rich minds and right methods. He realizes that Milton's life and verse wander hand in hand; affirms that the study of one involves the study of the other; that "we need to know in what place, at what time, under what impulses, amidst what society, the thoughts were breathed and the words came forth."

The aim of the book is to create a lasting interest in Milton "as man and poet" and to stimulate a love for the beautiful and bring humanity into closer relations with that "God gifted organ voice of England." In introducing this work, Mr. George gives a comprehensive sketch of the periods which inspired Milton's noblest passions; a brief review of the age in which the poet lived, worked and sang his immortal songs. This introduction is a notable piece of work; the work of a scholar, a critic, a true lover of poetry; a man whose excellent literary training leads him to see the relative value of life and thought, and the desirability of coming in touch with Milton, the poet, "Milton, the champion and martyr of English liberty." Mr. George has also laid special emphasis on the fact that these shorter poems of Milton show us the poet in some of his more softer and more sweeter moods, thus in a measure correcting the hitherto fairly prevalent prejudice that Milton is only stern, harsh and unduly puritanical.

The chief charm of the selection made lies in its nobility of purpose. It is the result of individual needs; the spontaneous gift of one whose long intercourse with classes renders him particularly susceptible to their requirements. The book was not made but grew. It is the product of its own influential nature; one of the many rich harvests of Milton's genius. Published by the Macmillan Co.

"A Voyage of Consolation."

SARA Jeannette Duncan has made another very successful effort, on the side of frivolity, at sustaining the balance between the serious, problematic novel and the story that simply amuses. Although the "Voyage of Consolation" is really a retracing of the familiar tourist route through Europe and though we would naturally suspect Mrs. Cotes of pedagogical designs in her "personally conducted," she deceives us completely and we do not remember a single landmark when we have finished. To be sure, she makes up to us this deficiency of instruction by a purpose of a different kind—the purpose to amuse. She holds to this idea so obviously and conscientiously, that we sometimes feel as though she tapped us on the shoulder and said: "See with what labor I have twisted and turned out for you this phrase, to make it as ludicrous as possible! Now do me the credit of being amused." But by this time we have got the idea of labor and exertion so fixed in the mind that we forget to laugh.

The heroine is the same Chicago girl whom we met several years ago in "An American Girl in London," in no wise mended or bettered.

Conflicting opinions enter into our estimate of this Chicago heroine. Although she takes the most liberal privileges with the decalogue of conventional proprieties, yet she shows such wonderful practicality and sound common sense that we can't but admire the audacity which often serves her for dignity.

There is a constant undercurrent of satire which is often pungent and always humorous. We are never bored with description, and scenery is not attempted, "for," says the writer, "nothing spoils a book of travels like scenery." She confines herself principally to witty criticisms of foreign and national customs and mannerisms, which we all know but rarely notice.

Some of the situations are ingeniously absurd, and if the book is not taken whole, but used as a palatable filling between harder crusts, its principal fault of being overdone, will not so readily be detected. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

From the Rambler's Jot-Pad.

THE work of Dr. A. V. R. Allen of Harvard, who is editing the authoritative memoirs of Phillip Brooks, is now considerably more than half finished. The task has been an unusually difficult one in view of the voluminous amount of the late Bishop's letters, notes and relative matter. The book, which will appear in two volumes, will be published by E. P. Dutton.

GLADSTONE, just previous to death, allowed with special permission—a very unusual exception on his part—the dedication in his name of Henry Gillman's powerful Palestine romance entitled "Hassan: A Fellah." The book undoubtedly possesses rare merit. It gives very faithfully descriptions of Jerusalem and the surrounding country as it is to-day. The local color, the characteristics and the information imparted are invaluable. The plot of the story is laid at the present time, although the author has drawn largely upon the rich treasures of the past for ornament. Sensational and extraordinary as some of the incidents are, Mr. Gillman nevertheless grounds them all on fact. As a portrayal of modern Jerusalem and its life the book is of unusual value.

COLLEGE men at large, and especially Harvard men, will be interested to know that another college story is about to be published entitled, "The Second String," by Arthur Stanwood Pier, Harvard '95. It is to deal with an aspect of the Summer School life at Cambridge, in which a Western heroine and a young college instructor are the leading actors. Mr. Pier since leaving college has been connected with the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion*.

IT certainly seems at present as if Mr. Stephen Crane was to be a "one book" author. His "Red Badge of Courage" is practically the only work of merit that he has written, and the poor reception that has greeted its successors has made Mr. Crane very despondent about his ability. Lately, however, we hear that he has to some measure regained confidence in himself, and is now making a very earnest endeavor to win permanent laurels.

LET'S
TALK



IT
OVER

THE extra edition of the June "war number" of "The National Magazine" was exhausted before June 4. This fact is eloquent to us and occasioned a decided gleam of sunshine. Even the majestic office cat caught the infection and parades the national colors proudly on the tip of her tail in honor of the clean sweep. Thousands of orders for extra copies came pouring in, and the classic cards "sold out"—which is in theatrical parlance "standing room only"—was flung proudly to the breeze. There is, however, a sincere regret felt by the publisher that the supply was not large enough to meet the demand, but there is a moral attached. Subscribe.

endorsement worth having. Even the staid and dignified "Century" has fallen under the "war spell" and in June published "timely" articles of much the same character as have appeared in "The National Magazine" for several months past. These facts are significant to us as it justifies the position we have taken. While our cruiser may have only six-inch guns, the same projectiles are used to bombard the reading public as those of older magazines with ten-inch guns and heavy artillery. "The National Magazine" captured the 'prize ships' in June and no mistake," writes the manager of a large news company.

IT was the first war number issued by any magazine, and now we feel firmer than ever in maintaining that magazine-newspaper instinct which has been so severely frowned upon by some of our kind but severe literary critics. Naturally there is gratification that the position of "The National Magazine" in grappling with live and timely subjects is appreciated so generously. There is further evidence to submit.

WHEN the incomparable McClure's magazine publishes the same article and same illustrations, on "Marching With Gomez," one month later than "The National Magazine," we feel that it is an

ANOTHER young artist, Mr. Robert F. Elwell, has joined the staff of "The National Magazine." As will be observed in his drawings in this issue, his particular strength is in rendering animals and western scenes. He has made a close study of his special field, and Mr. Elwell's work will still further widen the scope of the original illustrations of "The National Magazine." With the artistic cover drawings of Victor A. Searles, the finely felt and individualistic landscapes of Walter L. Greene and the dashing and strong character sketches by Louis F. Grant, "The National Magazine" believes it has a staff of young artists not equalled. They put soul and enthusiasm into their work, which after all is the real essence of true art.

EVERY reader of "The National Magazine" should read the opening chapters of Francis Lynde's serial, "The Trouble at Torolito," published in this issue. It is a stirring and characteristic American story, the scenes being laid in the West. Mr. Lynde is one of the brightest of the new school of young American authors, and we are confident that the readers of "The National Magazine" will approve the editorial policy of this periodical in bringing out the work of American authors in an American magazine.



VACATIONS or holidays are now considered as much a necessity as they were not so considered fifty years ago. The ruling passion in recent years has been a trip abroad, but the war and other circumstances will rather divert the tide during the present year. Many tourists will, for the first time, comprehend the beauties and greatness of their own country. The exchange of visits from one section to another will prove beneficial in a business as well as a social way. The seclusion in the Adirondacks sought by Emerson and Thoreau, the White Mountains, Yellowstone Park, California resorts, Colorado grand mountain scenery, the picturesque Apostle Islands, Thousand Islands, the inland watering resorts, mountain retreats and the ever popular seaside rendezvous present an itinerary that will suffice the most blase and satiated tourist.



THE article, "Memorable Scenes in Our First Congress," has awakened considerable interest among the thousands of new as well as the old readers of "The National Magazine." Scores of commendatory letters have been received. The suggestion has been made that the series be continued; giving the dramatic and important events of each Congress in their chronological order. It would furnish a unique and truly fascinating history of the United States. It brings the actors and makers of history on the stage. The epochs of our history that are worth preserving, in some way touch congressional deliberations. There is no truer pulse of the prevailing national thought as the "will of the people" comes

about to be expressed at the inconvenient short intervals of two years when congressmen are required to keep an eye on their "fences" at home. The series will be continued but no attempt will be made to make each article only cover one congress. There are some sessions that can be passed with a short paragraph and yet do entire justice to it from a historical standpoint. The June issue containing the first paper brought us over two hundred orders direct from present members of Congress. If we have accomplished this much, the real test has been made. Do not let it seem altogether a matter of self-interest, when we urge every person to keep a complete file of "The National Magazine," as it will be valuable some time. The first volume is very rare and now sells for four times the original cost. With the two predominant features, national questions, and popular articles on Biblical topics, there is necessarily a continuity that will make each volume of "The National Magazine" an addition to any library giving as it does a reflection of contemporary life and literature, in our own country. In this connection our thanks are due to the librarians of the Athenaeum, Mr. Bolton and his predecessor, Mr. Lane, now of Harvard library, for assistance, in preparing data for the congressional series. It is certainly gratifying to know that an earnest and concentrated effort in research always finds generous assistance from librarians in Boston. They are the helpers behind the scenes who often deserve more credit than they receive.



AMONG the illustrations of the popular war number of "The National Magazine" was a reproduction of a famous painting showing the great naval engagement between the Monitor and Merrimac. The original was furnished by courtesy of the Taber-Prang Co., who have an unusually fine collection of naval views. The glories of American naval achievement have never before awakened so general public interest as at the present time.



MR. George W. Smalley, the well known correspondent of the London Times and a first-rate literary critic, relates

the following about Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the noted African traveler. On one of Mr. Stanley's journeys into the heart of Africa it was important, as it always is on such occasions, to take as few things as possible. In the matter of literature, therefore, he limited himself to one book which had been presented to him by a friend—an English Bible. Mr. Stanley was shut up in Africa for three or four years during which time he was dissociated from civilization, knew nothing of current events and for reading was driven perforce to the persistent perusal of his Bible. Mr. Smalley has never been suspected of any religious bias; his tendencies, if one might judge, are quite in the other direction, but in his criticism of Stanley's book which gave account of the above mentioned journey, he finds in the work a largeness, grandeur and dignity of style which had before been absent in what had been written by Stanley, and he can account for this in no other way than by the influence of constant reading of the Bible.

THE "National" believes that by leaving the Bible as literature out of the curriculum of schools and colleges they are depriving the youth of this generation of a most important intellectual influence. What student of literature can afford to be ignorant of Shakespeare or Milton? but is it not a still greater loss to be ignorant of the book of Job, of the Psalms, or of Isaiah? These have influenced our greatest writers and we are sorry for the literary student who has not conned them. Would it not be well for some of our literary tyros to be shut up for three or four years like Stanley with a Bible?

FOR those who do not think specially of literature, the Bible has another and a fascinating side to the lover of beautiful and stirring stories. Mr. Bronson has related one of these for us in this issue in his account of the "Battle of the Bread Jars." The tale of Gideon and his fight against tremendous odds is graphically told, and has something of the aspect of timely interest in the light of recent events.

THE August number of "The National Magazine" will be a fiction number—more than this—it will be fiction written by American authors. The list of contributors includes many of the best-known and most popular young American authors, who are striking out in a vigorous way to win literary renown that will not be dimmed by the lustre of "imported" fiction with which the public have been surfeited for some years past. The stories will be elaborately illustrated by "The National Magazine" staff artists.

THE query was recently propounded by William Dean Howells as to why the young people of to-day do not read "Pilgrim's Progress," "Spectator," "Fairie Queen," "Don Quixote," etc., etc., the classical productions of English literature, as they did "when he was a boy." The "receding days" always inclines the average man to frown upon the comparative degenerate tendency of the present and coming generation. A symposium on this subject from our readers will be published in a future issue. What we desire is a frank and honest expression of opinion—"Why are these books not read more by young people of to-day?" The testimony from different sections of the country will be unlimited. State what book is most popular among young people of your acquaintance. It is desired that the sketches do not exceed 500 words, and while only a few of the large number received can be published, it is desired to have as complete an expression of opinion as possible.

HOT weather adds grim interest for Professor Barton's excellent article on "Lieutenant Peary's Expedition," published in this number. It makes delightful as well as instructive summer reading, and we can fancy the grateful look of these readers in a hammock pouring over the illustrations of the cool and inviting icebergs off the coast of Greenland. In the prevailing spirit of imperialism there is an awakened interest in the world at large among the American people—and "Greenland's Icy Mountains" is not without the range of interest by any means.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT IN NINETY HOURS

BY MITCHELL MANNERING

FIFTY years virtually span all the achievements of modern civilization.

The advancement that has been made in commerce, science and the arts within this period is almost beyond comprehension and would not have been considered within the possibilities of a dream, half a century ago. The flight of the modern "Limited" brings on a confusion and leaves him in bewilderment who tries to reach back to an authentic basis of calculation as to what this country actually did possess fifty years ago.

THE CRUISE OF THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER.

The great plains of the West fifty years ago were crossed by fleets of prairie schooners, and who can ever adequately describe the horrors and perils of that long journey through unknown lands, fighting hostile Indians, wild beasts, and the terrors of famine! The trail was soon marked by the bleached bones of man and beast who succumbed to the inevitable. Yet the march of progress and civilization could not be deterred, and the student of history finds even in these hardships something that is instructive and fascinating. The families in the "covered wagon" enjoyed, under fair weather condi-

tions, the novelty of a nomadic or gypsy life; the camp fire at night brings back its pleasant reveries,—the "bed 'neath the

stars," the fragrant sniff of prairies, pine, the pure air and the close communing with nature's own primeval splendor,—all this seemed to reveal where finite seemed to touch Infinite in majestic silence. The log of few sea voyages are of more thrilling or fascinating interest than these snail-like trips to California in 1848.

To-day the wildest fancy of the romantic of fifty years ago has been outdone in actual achievement. With the renowned Overland Limited train annihilating space upon the very trail of these prairie schooners, distance and time are both eliminated by the great *Motif* of Modern Civilization,—the railroads. The speed is so swift

that human eye can scarcely distinguish the passing panorama of scenic splendor. Think of it, only four days from coast to coast, across the broad expanse of our great country and no change of cars from Chicago, if you take the Overland Limited, where much less than forty years

ago it meant many wearisome months and untold hardships and privations.

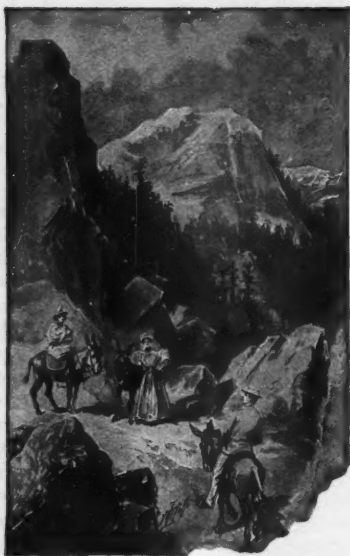
A four weeks' trip to California is a liberal education. The real life of to-day is



PASSENGER STATION OF THE NORTHWESTERN, CHICAGO.



THE BLUFFS NEAR CLINTON, IA.



GARDEN OF THE GODS.

expanding westward and on every hand are opportunities to note the great achievements of the last half century and the boundless possibilities opening to coming generations. In Europe it is all of the past, but westward it is all of the present and future.

In casting about for a tour on which to study our own native land, nothing allows a freer or broader scope than a trip to California. It is true that there are on'y four days of the journey, but it tells a story no words can supply.

A spirited trip of ninety-six hours from the surf of the Atlantic to the waters of the Pacific, provides an experience fraught with delightful revelation. Across the fertile plains of the West—climbing up foot-hills, winding up the seemingly impregnable Rockies, and the final descent from the heights to the smiling and fair land of fruits and flowers found on the Pacific coast,—no other trip in the world surpasses this rapid flight; nor in climatic and scenic variety, from frost to foliage, over peak and plain—each hour shifting the landscape vista like some fairy panorama. Whirling over the grass-covered trail of the prairie schooner ensconced in the luxury of the Overland Limited,—well

may the student of history ponder and ask the question,—Is further achievement possible?

A description of the trip from Chicago is almost like a tale of an enchanted journey to a distant planet. Time and distance are spoken away in a breath—the telling of it. There is scarcely time “between bells” to make up the log of the cruise and to take soundings. The chasing vapory clouds of steam and smoke suggest the passing of the caravan of fleet-footed Mercury. There is time left, however, for Kodakical impressions, in which many hours of pleasant memories are stored for the future.

A DIARY OF A CONTINENTAL FLIGHT.

The trip through the states of Illinois and Iowa, via the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, the pioneer line west and northwest of Chicago, is indeed a revelation to those who have never been west of the World's Fair City. It will be noticed that the line is equipped with semaphore electric block signals, is double tracked and possesses every improvement to keep up to its well known standard “on time.” The rich fertile country through which the train passes is a veritable Garden of Eden, and although the principal part of the journey from Chicago to the Missouri river is passed over at night, the beautiful country noticed ere sundown is still before our vision in the Iowa sunrise.

The prosperous cities *en route* are typical. They truly reflect the unique American life of to-day, the landscape revealing numerous villages and towns where “re-



“THE LOOP.”

tired" farmers reside in magnificent homes built from the fruit of their toil. The country is dotted with comfortable homes surrounded by large barns and generous corn cribs, all indicative of the uninterrupted prosperity of the famous cornbelt. Travel where you will, no country presents more even and unmarred evidences of prosperity. For hundreds of miles in every direction, every acre of land produces wealth year after year.

Omaha is vitascopeed the first morning out and here the tourist should stop, and tickets will permit it, for a visit to the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition, which will be open until December. The Exposition adds another to the wonders of American enterprise and achievement, and those who have lived to regret not having visited the World's Fair will find the Trans-Mississippi Exposition rivalling that event in picturing the rapid development of the Great West. For even the few years that have elapsed since the Columbian Exposition have their story to tell.

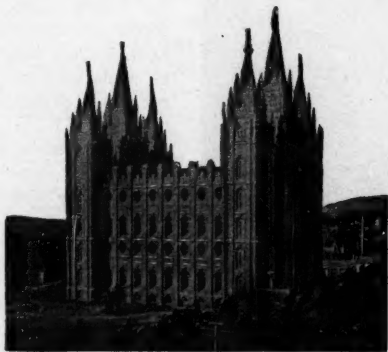
Upon continuing our journey from Omaha, and ere twilight intervenes, the flourishing Nebraska towns, Fremont, Columbus, Central City, Grand Island, Kearney and North Platte, have been reviewed, and Cheyenne is reached before bedtime. Airy Dale Creek Bridge and the pyramid of mountain granite on the summit of the Rockies are passed in the night on the westward trip. Green River and its mysterious red buttes are the first objects of interest the second morning out, and the descent to Ogden and



DEVIL'S SLIDE.

Great Salt Lake through the Weber and Echo canons passing the Devil's Slide and Pulpit Rock,—where Brigham Young delivered his first Utah sermon *en route*—is full of interest and fascination. Ogden is the junction of the trans-continental railways, and is cosily nestled in a pocket of the mammoth Wasatch mountains. Some idea of the rivalry that attended the building of the Pacific railroads in 1868-9 is still manifest beyond Ogden, where their grades parallel each other for some three hundred miles, although the track-layers subsequently met and a compromise was effected immediately north of Great Salt Lake, at Point Promontory. But Ogden was the point finally determined upon by the United States Government as the terminus of both systems. The Union Pacific is thus 1,032 miles in length and the Central Pacific, 865. The latter is entirely through Pacific plains and over the electrifying Sierra Nevada mountains from Ogden to Cape Horn, notable oases in the day's trip being Wadsworth, Reno, and Truckee. At Wadsworth, a division point, the Overland Limited stops for a new engine and replenishing of the cars, and the passengers alight in a body to exercise their limbs and lungs, notably enlivening the station premises. Passing entertainment is furnished by the squaws and papposes, who are attracted to the train from the various reservations by the quarters, dimes, and nickels which the passengers give to the former for fruit and to the latter for suppositious charity.

Then follows the third day of the trip, climbing and scaling the Sierra Nevada mountains, comprising horseshoe curves,



MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

easily conquered grades, and valley vistas of indescribable grandeur. The two hours' whirl through the airy and fascinating Sierra summits electrify the soul of man and everlastingly impresses it with the unspeakable wonders of nature that are

multiplied in profusion betwixt Truckee and Colfax. The summit is reached at midday and the descent to Sacramento is soon made, around airy Cape Horn like an eagle on the wing, overlooking mountain tops and canons and quickly shifting from top-coats and gloves to verdure and fruits and flowers. At Colfax fresh pears, figs and grapes convince the ecstatic tourist that he is at last in the glorious and bountiful California of which he has read and heard so much. Three hours later he has seen Sacramento, passed Oakland and is in San Francisco, the Pacific metropolis—the rainbow bag of gold at the end of his panoramic four days' journey from the east winds of the Atlantic to the balmy breezes of the Pacific.

San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific, the third largest port in the United States, is to the West what New York is to the East. From this center the Government is now sending troops to the Manila in the Pacific. The Government navy yard, at Mare Island, Golden Gate Park, the teeming and growing commerce from all parts of the world, furnishes the tourist with sights and observations that are of intense interest. In fact, California is one



CARMEL MISSION NEAR MONTEREY.

continuous chain of interest from the adobe missions near San Diego along the coast to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Jose. The variety of interesting places to visit in California is endless and the taste and inclination of every individual can be

easily met in the itinerary of side tours in the Golden State.

California in summer should be as famous and popular a rendezvous for the tourist as California in winter. The grandeur of the mountain scenery *en route* is not surpassed by the Famed Swiss Alps. The Yosemite valley, accessible in summer, is one of the acknowledge wonders of the world, and beautiful Monterey, Coronado, and the Lake mountain and seaside resorts have a fascination of their own at all seasons; the beauties of the Mount Shasta, the Columbia River, the Yellowstone Park and even Alaska are within speaking distance on the circuit tourist's tickets. With such an array of points of interest, the American traveler has no difficulty in improving the vacation days to splendid advantage.



YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Should the tourist not desire the advantage of quick time and the direct route across the continent, detours can be made without extra charge through Colorado. Denver, the greatest convention city and Athens of the West, is always interesting. Colorado Springs

and Pueblo are of international note and the famous "Garden of the Gods" is one of the sights which no trav-

eler can afford to omit from his itinerary. Stop-overs are always arranged to cover all of the important points of interest. Colorado's marvellous mountain scenery is the pride of America and no words can adequately describe it.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

There is a romantic interest in the "Garden of the Gods," which is perhaps not equalled by any other stretch of landscape in the world. It is Nature's replica of the ruins of the old world, giving hints of the ruins of Athens, the pyramids and the famous old Egyptian city of Karnac. Two lofty pillars form a stately gateway to Nature's



MULTUMAH FALLS, COLUMBIA RIVER.

own grandeur. The famous Pike's Peak not far away stands as a sentinel over the domain of the gods. In a lonely spot in the Cheyenne Cañon beneath a pile of boulders was buried Helen Hunt Jackson "H. H.," author of "Romona." She loved the natural grandeur of this section with all the passionate adoration of a true poet. The weird fascination of Colorado's mountain scenery is not to be adequately described in words. The entire west and Pacific coast is to a large proportion of the traveling public an undiscovered country, and with the conveniences afforded in the Overland Limited, a journey across the continent now takes less time than a trip from Boston to New York seventy years ago, and with less preparation than a journey of 50 miles required



MOUNT SHASTA.

at that time. The active energies of the American people are expressed and emphasized in the now well-confirmed habit of travel and observation, and these two things are an education in themselves unrivalled for the practical purposes as well as profitable pleasures of life.

If the tide of vacation travel this year turns from Europe to points of interest in our own country, the mountains of Colorado, Utah and California, Yellowstone Park, Alaska and the summer resorts of the Northwest will naturally command attention and open up undreamed beauties within our own borders. All of these resorts are reached in the quickest and most comfortable manner by the twentieth century trains of the Northwestern line and advertised as the Overland Limited,—California in Three Days,—the Colorado Special,—One Night to Denver, and the Northwestern Limited—electric lighted—to St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth.

Thousands of tourists will this year find the wonders of the Old World rivalled in the achievements of the New West.



GOLDEN GATE.



TRI-ON-FA

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
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